A POETICAL RAPSODY

Containing,

Diuerſe Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigalls, and other Poeſies, both in Rime, and Meaſured Verſe.

Neuer yet publiſhed.

The Bee and Spider by a diuerſe power,
Sucke Hony & Poyſon from the ſelfe ſame flower.



inted at London by V.S. for Iohn Baily, and to be ſolde at his Shoppe in Chancerie lane, neere to the Office of the ſix Clarkes.

1602.

6373

To the most Noble, Honorable, and Worthy Lord, William Earle of Pembroke, Lord Herbert of *Caerdiffe, Marmion, and Saint Quintine.*

GReat Earle, whose high and noble minde, is higher
And nobler, then thy noble high Degree:
Whose outward shape, though it most lowely bee,
Doth in faire Robes a fairer Soule attier:
Who Rich in fading Wealth, in endlesse Treasure
Of Vertue, Valour, Learning, richer art:
Whose present greatnes, men esteeme but part
Of what by line of future Hope they measure.
Thou Worthy Sonne, vnto a peereleſſe MOTHER,
Thou Nephew to great SIDNEY of renowne,
Thou that deserv'st thy CORONET to crowne
With Lawrell Crowne, a Crowne excelling t'other;
I consecrate these Rimes to thy great NAME,
Which if thou like, they seeke no other fame.

The deuoted Admirer of your Lordships noble virtues,

FRA: DAVISON

humbly dedicates, his owne, his Brothers, and *Anomos* Poems, both in his owne, and their names.

To the Reader.

BEING induced, by ſome priuate reaſons, and by the inſtant intreatie of ſpeciall friendes, to ſuffer ſome of my worthleſſe Poems to be publiſhed, I deſired to make ſome written by my deere friend *Anomos*, and my deerer *Brother*, to beare them company: Both without their conſent, the latter being in the low Country Warres, and the former vtterly ignorant thereof. My friendes name I concealed, mine owne, and my brothers, I willed the Printer to ſuppreſſe, as well as I had concealed the other: which he hauing put in, without my priuity, we muſt both now vndergoe a ſharper cenſure perhaps then our nameles works ſhould haue done, & I eſpecially. For if their Poems be liked, the praiſe is due to their inuention, if diſliked, the blame both by them, and all men will be deriued vppon me, for publiſhing that which they meant to ſuppreſſe.

If thou thinke wee affect fame by theſe kindes of writings, though I thinke them no diſparagement euen to the beſt iudgements, yet I anſwere in all our behalfes, with the Princely Shepheard *Dorus*;

Our hearts doe ſeeke another eſtimation.

If thou condemne Poetry in generall, and affirme, that it doth intoxicate the braine, and make men

6373

men vtterly vnfit, either for more ſerious ſtudies, or for any actiue courſe of life, I only ſay, *Iubeo te ſtultum eſſe libenter*: Since experience proues by examples of many, both dead and liuing, that diuers delighted and excelling herein, being Princes or States-men, haue gouerned and counceled as wiſely, being Souldiers, haue commanded armies as fortunately, being Lawyers, haue pleaded as iudicially and eloquently, being Diuines, haue written and taught as profoundly, and being of any other Profeſſion, haue diſcharged it as ſufficiently as any other men whatſoeuer: If liking other kindes, thou miſlike the Lyricall, becauſe the chiefeſt ſubiect thereof is Loue; I reply, that Loue being virtuouſly intended, & worthily placed, is the Whetſtone of witt, and Spurre to all generous actions: and that many excellent ſpirits with great fame of witt, and no ſtaine of iudgement, haue written excellently in this kind, and ſpecially the euer-praiſe worthy *Sidney*: So as if thou will needs make it a fault, for mine owne part,

Haud timeo, ſi iam nequeo defendere crimen
Cum tanto commune viro.

If any except againſt the mixing (both at the beginning and ende of this booke) of diuerſe thinges written by great and learned Perſonages, with our meane and worthles Scriblings, I vtterly diſclaime it, as being done by the Printer, either to grace the forefront with Sir *Ph. Sidneys*, and others names, or to make the booke grow to a competent volume.

For theſe Poems in particular, I could aledge theſe excuſes; that thoſe vnder the Name of *Anomos*, were

writ-

written (as appeareth by diuers things to Syr *Philip Sidney* liuing, and of him dead) almoſt twentie yeers ſince, when Poetry was farre from that perfection, to which it hath now attained; that my Brother is by profeſſion a Souldier, and was not 18. yeeres olde when hee writt theſe Toyes: that mine owne were made moſt of them ſixe or ſeuen yeeres ſince, at idle times as I iourneyed vp and downe during my Trauails. But to leaue their workes to iuſtifie themſelues, or the Authors to iuſtifie their workes, and to ſpeake of myne owne; thy miſlikes I contemne, thy prayſes (which I neither deſerue, nor expect), I eſteeme not, as hoping (God willing) ere long, to regaine thy good Opinion, if loſt, or more deſeruedly to continue it, if already obtained, by ſome grauer Worke. *Farewell.*

FRA: DAVISON.

373

Two Pastoralls, made by Sir *Philip Sidney*, neuer yet published.

Vpon his meeting with his two worthy Friends and fellow-Poets, Sir Edward Dier and Maister Fulke Grenill.

IOYNE Mates in mirth to me,
Graunt pleasure to our meeting:
Let *Pan* our good God see,
How gratefull is our greeting.
Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one Minde in Bodies three.

Ye Hymnes, and singing skill
Of God *Apolloes* giuing,
Be prest our reedes to fill,
With sonnd of musicke liuing.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

Sweete *Orpheus* Harpe, whose sound
The stedfast mountaynes moued,
Let heere thy skill abound,
To ioyne sweete friends beloued.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

wi
Si two and I be met,
fin happy blessed Trinitie;
wl three most ioyntly set,
pr firmest band of Vnitie.
wl *Ioyne hands, &c.*
m
ti
u elcome my two to me, E.D. F.G. P.S.
se e number best beloued,
to ithin my heart you be
tl friendship vnremoued.
e *Ioyne hands, &c.*
r
uiue leaue your flockes to range,
g t vs the while be playing;
/ithin the Elmy grange,
our flockes will not be straying.
Ioyne hands, &c.

ause all the mirth you can,
nce I am now come hether,
Vho neuer ioy, but when
am with you together.
Ioyne hands, &c.

ike Louers do their Loue,
o ioy I, in you seeing;
et nothing mee remoue
rom alwayes with you beeing.
Ioyne hands, &c.

And

6373

And as the Turtle-Doue
To mate with whom he liueth,
Such comfort, feruent loue
Of you, to my hart giueth.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Now ioyned be our hands,
Let them be ne'r a sunder,
But linkt in binding bands
By metamorphoz'd wonder.
So should our seuer'd bodies three
As one for euer ioyned bee.

Sir Ph. Sidney.

Dispraysse of a Courtly life.

WALKING in bright *Phœbus* blaze
Where with heate oppresst I was,
I got to a shady wood,
Where greene leaues did newly bud.
And of grasse was plenty dwelling,
Deckt with pyde flowers sweetely smelling.

In this wood a man I met,
On lamenting wholy set:
Rewing change of wonted state,
Whence he was transformed late,
Once to Shepheards God retayning,
Now in seruile Court remayning.

Where he wandring malecontent,
Up and downe perplexed went,
Caring not to tell to mee,
Spake vnto a senceleſſe tree,
One among the reſt electing
Theſe ſame words, or this effecting:

My old mates I grieue to ſee,
Coyde of me in field to bee,
Where we once our louely ſheepe,
Louingly like friends did keepe,
Oft each others friendſhip prouing,
Neuer ſtriuing, but in louing.

But may Loue abiding bee
In poore ſhepheards baſe degree?
Belongs to ſuch alone
To whom arte of Loue is knowne:
Seely ſhepheards are not witting
What in art of Loue is fitting.

Nay, what neede the Arte to thoſe,
To whom we our loue diſcloſe?
It is to be vſed then,
When we doe but flatter men:
Friendſhip true in hart aſſured,
Is by natures giftes procured.

Therefore ſhepheardes wanting skill,
Can Loues duties beſt fulfill:
Since they know not how to faine,

6373

Nor with Loue to cloake Disdaine,
Like the wiser sorte, whose learning
Hides their inward will of harming.

Well was I, while vnder shade
Oten Reedes me musicke made,
Striuing with my Mates in Song,
Mixing mirth our Songs among,
Greater was that shepheards treasure,
Then this false, fine, Courtly pleasure.

Where, how many Creatures be,
So many pufft in minde I see,
Like to *Iunoes* birdes of pride,
Scarce each other can abide,
Friends like to blacke Swannes appearing,
Sooner these than those in hearing.

Therefore *Pan*, if thou mayst be
Made to listen vnto me,
Grant, I say (if seely man
May make treaty to god *Pan*)
That I, without thy denying,
May be still to thee relying.

Only for my two loues sake, *Sir Ed. D. and M. F. C.*
Whose loue I pleasure take,
Only two do me delight
With their euer-pleasing sight,
Of all men to thee retaining,
Grant me with those two remaining.

ſhall I to thee alwayes,
ith my reedes, ſound mighty praiſe;
d firſt Lambe that ſhall befall,
arely decke thine Altar ſhall:
t pleaſe thee be reflected,
d I from thee not reiected.

I left him in that place,
king pitty on his caſe,
arning this among the reſt,
at the meane eſtate is beſt,
ter filled with contenting,
yde of wiſhing and repenting.

Sir Ph. Sidney.

Fiction how Cupid *made a Nymph wound her ſelfe with his Arrowes.*

T chaunſt of late a Shepheards ſwaine,
hat went to ſeeke a ſtrayed ſheepe,
ithin a thicket on the plaine,
pide a daintie Nymph aſleepe.

er golden Haire ore-ſpread her face,
er careleſſe Armes abroad were caſt,
er Quiuer had her Pillowes place,
er breaſt lay bare to euery blaſt.

The

The Shepheard stood and gazde his fill,
Nought durst hee doo, nought durst he say:
When Chance or else perhaps his Will,
Did guide the God of Loue that way.

The crafty boy that sees her sleep,
Whom if shee wakte, he durst not see,
Behinde her closely seekes to creepe,
Before her nap should ended bee.

There come, he steales her shaftes away,
And puttes his owne into their place,
Ne dares he any longer stay,
But ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was hee gone, when shee awakes,
And spies the Shepheard standing by;
Her bended Bowe in haste shee takes,
And at the simple Swaine let fly.

Foorth flew the shafte, and pierst his hart,
That to the ground hee fell with paine:
Yet vp againe forthwith hee start,
And to the Nymphe hee ran amaine:

Amaz'de to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vaine,
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Loue yeeldeth strength in midst of paine.

Her angry Eyes are great with teares,
She blames her hands, she blames her skill;
The bluntnesse of her Shaftes she feares,
And try them on her selfe she will.

Take heed, sweet Nimph, try not the shaft,
Eache little touch will pricke the harte,
Alas, thou knoweſt not *Cupids* craft,
Reuenge is ioy, the End is smart.

Yet try she wil, and prick some bare,
Her Hands were glou'd, and next to hand
Was that faire Breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepheard senceleſſe stand.

That breſt she prickt, and through that breſt,
Loue findes an entry to her hart:
At feeling of this new-come Gueſt,
Lord how the gentle Nimph doth start!

Shee runnes not now, she shootes no more,
Away she throwes both shaftes and bowe,
Shee seekes for that she shun'd before,
She thinks the Shepheards haste too slowe.

Though mountaines meet not, Louers may:
So others doo, and so doo they,
The God of Loue sittes on a tree,
And laughes that pleasant sight to see.

Anon

A DIALOGVE *betweene two Shepheards*, Thenot *and* Piers, *in praise of* ASTREA, *made by the excellent Lady, the Lady* Mary *Countesse of* Pembrook, *at the Queenes Maiesties being at her house at* Anno 15 .

Then. I Sing diuine ASTREAS praise,
O Muses! help my wittes to raise,
And heaue my Verses higher.
Piers. Thou needst the truth but plainely tell,
Which much I doubt thou canst not well,
Thou art so oft a lier.

Then. If in my Song no more I show,
Than Heau'n, and Earth, and Sea do know,
Then truely I haue spoken.
Piers. Sufficeth not no more to name,
But being no lesse, the like, the same,
Else lawes of truth be broken.

Then. Then say, she is so good, so faire,
With all the earth she may compare,
Not *Momus* selfe denying.
Piers. Compare may thinke where likenesse holds,
Nought like to her the earth enfoldes,
I lookt to finde you lying.

Then. ASTREA sees with Wisedoms sight,
Astrea workes by Vertues might,
And ioyntly both do stay in her.

Piers. Nay take from them, her hand, her minde,
The one is lame, the other blinde,
Shall still your lying staine her?

Then. Soone as ASTREA shewes her face,
Strait euery ill auoides the place,
And euery good aboundeth.

Piers. Nay long before her face doth showe,
The last doth come, the first doth goe,
How lowde this lie resoundeth!

Then. ASTREA is our chiefest ioy,
Our chiefest guarde against annoy,
Our chiefest wealth, our treasure.

Piers. Where chiefest are, three others bee,
To vs none else but only shee;
When wilt thou speake in measure?

Then. ASTREA may be iustly sayd,
A field in flowry Roabe arrayd,
In Season freshly springing.

Piers. That Spring indures but shortest time,
This neuer leaues *Astreas* clime,
Thou liest, instead of singing.

Then. As heauenly light that guides the day,
Right so doth thine each louely Ray,
That from *Astrea* flyeth.

Piers.

6373

Piers. Nay, darknes oft that light enclowdes,
Astreas beames no darknes shrowdes;
How lowdly *Thenot* lyeth!

Then. ASTREA rightly terme I may,
A manly Palme, a Maiden Bay,
Her verdure neuer dying.
Piers. Palme oft is crooked, Bay is lowe,
Shee still vpright, still high doth growe,
Good *Thenot* leaue thy lying.

Then. Then *Piers*, of friendship tell me why,
My meaning true, my words should ly,
And striue in vaine to raise her.
Piers. Words from conceit do only rise,
Aboue conceit her honour flies;
But silence, nought can praise her.

Mary Countesse of Pembroke.

A Roun-de-lay in inuerted Rimes, betweene the two friendly Riuals, Strephon *and* Klaius, *in the presence of* VRANIA, *Mistris to them both.*

Strephon.

Whither shall I turne mee,
From thine eies sight,
Whose sparkling light
With quenchles flames, present, & absent burne me
For I burne whenas I view them,
And I burne when I eschew them.

Klaius.

Since I cannot eschew them,
But that their light
Is in my sight,
Both when I view them not, and when I view the
Ere their flames will cease to burne me,
From my selfe my selfe must turne me.

Strephon.

When none are present by you,
I feele their might,
And your eies bright
Appeare more glorious, others being nie you.
So alone, or else compared,
Wretch I am by them ensnared.

Klaius.

6373

Klaius.

ince that I am insnared
By your eies bright,
And feele their might,
Whether alone they be, or else compared,
Whereſoeuer I am nie you,
Loue I muſt, if I be by you.

Strephon.

When you looke kindely on me,
They loue incite:
And ſpite of Spite
I loue them likewiſe, when you frowne vpon me.
So, how e're your lookes are framed,
By your lookes I am inflamed.

Klaius.

ince that I am inflamed,
Ee'n by their ſpite;
And they incite
oul-warming flames whē they are mildly framed,
Howſoe're you looke vpou me,
Loue I muſt, if you looke on me.

Strephon.

when ſhall I them baniſh,
Since againſt right,
Nor day nor night,
hough abſent from me, from me they do vaniſh?
So no reſpite Time doth graunt me,
But inceſſantly they haunt me.

Klaius.

Since they (alas) do haunt me
Both day and night:
And wonted right
Obtain'd by absence, absence doth not grant me:
Night and day may sooner vanish,
Then from mee I can them banish.

Strephon.

They, when the Day doth leaue mee,
Lodge in my spirite;
And of their sight,
No sight by day discerned can bereaue mee.
So, nor Day ought else reuealeth,
Nor the Night the same concealeth.

Klaius.

Since Day, like Night concealeth
Each other sight,
And to my spirite
Concealing Darknes; them like Day reuealeth.
Time of time must quite bereaue mee,
Ere your lookes, sweet lookes, will leaue me

Walter Daniſon.

STREPHONS PALINODE.

Strephon, vpon some vnkindenes conceiued, hauing ma shew to leaue VRANIA, *and make loue to anot Nymph, was at the next solemne assembly of shepheard not onely frowned vpon by* VRANIA, *but command with great bitternesse out of her presence: Wherepp sory for his offence, and desirous to regaine her gra whom he neuer had forsaken, but in shew, vpon his kn he in this Song humbly craues pardon: and* VRANI *finding his true penitence, and vnwilling to loose so wo thy a seruant, receiues him againe into greater gra and fauour than before.*

SVVEETE, I doe not pardon craue,
Till I haue,
By deserts, this fault amended.
This, I onely this desire,
That your ire
May with penance be suspended.

Not my Wil, but Fate did fetch
Me poore wretch,
Into this vnhappy error.
Which to plague, no Tyrants minde
Paine can finde,
Like my hearts selfe-guiltie terror.

hen, O then! let that suffize;
your deare Eies
He leed not, need not more afflict me.
Sh or your sweet Tongue dipt in gall,
Th Need at all
Ar rom your presence interdict me.

T nto him that Hell sustaines,
Ea No new paines
Al leed be sought for his tormenting.
R) my paines helles paines surpas:
Yet alas!
Y ou are still new paines inuenting.
H
W y my Loue, long firme and true,
T Borne to you.
y these teares my greefe expressing.
T y this Pipe which nights and daies
L Sonnds your praise,
A itty mee my fault confessing.
I
)r if I may not desire,
S That their yre
A lay with pennance bee suspended;
S et let me full pardon craue,
S When I haue,
/ith soone death my fault amended.

0373

VRANIAES *Answer in inuerted Rimes, Staffe for Staffe.*

SInce true pennance hath suspended
Fained yre,
More Ile grant then you desire.
Faults confest are halfe amended,
And I haue,
In this halfe, al that I craue.

Therefore banish now the terror,
Which you finde
In your guiltlesse grieued minde.
For though you haue made an Error,
From mee wretch
First biginning it did fetch.

Ne're my sight Ile interdict thee
More at all,
Ne're speake words more dipt in gall,
Ne're ne're will I more afflict thee
With these Eies,
What is past, shal now suffize.

Now new Ioyes Ile be inuenting,
Which (alas)
May thy passed woes surpas.

Too long thou haſt felt tormenting,
Too great paines
So great Loue and Faith ſuſtaines.

Let theſe Eies (by thy conſeſſing
worthy praiſe)
Neuer ſee more nights nor daies.
Let my woes be paſt expreſſing,
when to you
I ceaſe to be kind and true.

Thus are both our States amended,
For you haue
Fuller pardon then you craue,
And my feare is quite ſuſpended,
Since mine ire
Wrought the effect I moſt deſire.

Fra: Daniſon.

6373

I. Eglogve.

Shepheard poore, *Eubulus* call'd he was,
(Poore now alas, but erſt had iolly beene)
ne pleaſant morne whenas the Sunne did paſſe
he fiery hornes of raging Bull betweene,
His little Flocke into a Meade did bring,
As ſoone as day-light did begin to ſpring.

reſh was the Meade, in Aprils liuerie dight,
eckt with green Trees, bedewd with ſiluer Brooks,
ut ah! all other was the ſhepheards plight,
ll other were both ſheepe and ſhepheards lookes.
For both did ſhew by their dull heauy cheere,
They tooke no pleaſure of the pleaſant yeere.

e weeping went, ay me that he ſhould weepe!
hey hung their heads as they to weep would learn.
is heauy Heart did ſend forth ſighings deepe.
hey in their bleating voyce did ſeeme to yearne.
He leane and pale, their fleece was rough & rent:
They pinde with paine, and he with dolors ſpent.

is pleaſant Pipe was broke, (alas the while)
nd former meriment was baniſht quite.
is ſhepheards Crooke that him vpheld ere-while,
e erſt had throwne away with great deſpite.
Tho leaning gainſt a ſhrubbe that him ſuſtained,
To th'earth, ſun, birds, trees, Eccho thus he plained

Thou

Thou all-forth-bringing earth, though winter ch
With boystrous blasts blow off thy Mantle gree
And with his Snowe and hoary Frosts doe spill,
Thy *Flora*-pleasing flowers, and kill them cleene:
Yet soone as Spring returnes againe
To driue away thy Winters paine,
Thy Frost and Snowe
Away doe goe.
Sweete *Zephyres* breath cold *Boreas* doth displace,
And fruitfull showers
Reuiue thy flowers,
And nought but Ioy is seene in euery place.

But ah! how long, alas, how long doth last
My endlesse Winter without hope of Spring?
How haue my sighes, my blustring sighes, defaste
The flowers and buds which erst my youth did (brin
Alas the tops that did aspire,
Lie troaden now in filthy mire.
Alas! my head
Is all bespread
With too vntimely snow: and eke my hart
Al sence hath lost,
Through hardned frost,
Of colde Despaire, that long hath bred my smart.

What though Soone-rising Torrents ouerflow
With nought-regarding streams thy pleasant gree
And with their furious force do lay full lowe,
Thy drowned flowers, how euer sweet they be
Soone fall those flouds, as soone they rose,

(For fury soone his force doth lose;)
And then full eath
Apolloes breath,
e cold, yet drying North-wind, so doth warme,
That by and by
Thy Meades be dry,
d grow more fruitfull by their former harme.

would the teares that Torrent-like do flowe
downe my hollow cheekes with restlesse force,
ould once (O that they could once) calmer grow!
ould like to thine, once cease their ceasles course;
Thine last not long, mine still endure:
Thine cold, and so thy wealth procure:
Hot mine are still,
And so do kill
th flower and roote, with most vnkindely dew.
What Sun or Winde
A way can finde,
e roote once dead, the flowers to renew?

hou though the scorching heate of Summer Sun,
While all-breath'd Dog the raging Lyon chaceth)
y peckled flower do make of colour dun,
d pride of all thy greeny haire defaceth;
And in thy moysture-wanting side
Deepe wounds do make, and gashes wide:
Yet as thy weate,
By *Phœbus* heate,
o turne to wholsome dryneſſe is procured.
So *Phœbus* heate

By south-winds weate,
Is soone asswaged, and all thy wounds recured.

Such heate as *Phœbus* hath me almost slaine.
As *Phœbus* heate? ah no, farre worse then his.
It is *Astreas* burning-hot Disdaine
That parched hath the roote of all my blis:
That hath (alas) my youth defaced,
That in my face deep wounds hath placed.
Ah that no Heate
Can dry the weate
The flowing weate of my still-weeping Eies!
Ah that no weate
Can quench the heate,
The burning heate within my Hart that lies!

Thou dost, poor Earth, beare many a bitter stound
While greedy Swaines forgetting former neede,
With crooked plowes thy tender backe do wound
With harrowes biting teeth do make thee bleede.
But earth (so may those greedy Swaines
With pitteous Eye behold thy paines)
O Earth, tel mee,
When thou dost see,
Thy fruitfull Back with golden Eares beset,
Doth not that ioy
Kil all annoy,
And make thee all thy former wounds forget?

And I, if once my tired Hart might gaine
The Harueſt faire that to my faith is due:

once I might ASTREAS grace regaine:
once her hart would on my ſorrows rue,
Alas, I could theſe plaints forgo,
And quite forget my former wo.
But (O! to ſpeake
My Hart doth breake)
r all my ſeruice, faith, and patient minde,
A crop of greefe,
Without releefe,
crop of ſcorne, and of contempt I finde.

one as the Shepheards Star abroad doth wend
Nights harbinger) to ſhut in bright-ſome Day;
nd gloomy Night, on whom black clouds attend,
oth Tirant-like through skie vſurpe the ſway,
Thou art (poore Earth) of Sunne depriued
Whoſe beames to thee all Ioy deriued:
But when *Aurore*
Doth ope her Dore,
r purple dore to let in *Phœbus* waine,
The night giues place
Vnto his race,
d then, with ioy, thy Sun returnes againe.

would my Sunne would once returne againe!
turne and driue away th'infernall night,
which I die, ſince ſhe did firſt refraine
r heauenly beames, which were mine only light
In her alone all my light ſhinde,
And ſince ſhe ſhinde not, I am blinde.
Alas, on all,

Her beames doe fall,
Saue wretched me, whome she doth them deny.
And blessed day
She giues alway,
To all, but me, who still in darkenesse lie.

In mournefull darkenesse I alone doe lie,
And wish, but scarcely hope, bright day to see,
For hop'd so long, and wisht so long haue I,
As hopes and wishes both are gone from mee.
My night hath lasted fifteene yeeres,
And yet no glimpse of day appeeres.
O do not let,
Him that hath set,
His ioy, his light, his life in your sweete Grace!
Be vnrelieu'd,
And quite depriu'd
Of your deere sight, which may this night displace

Phœbus, although with firy-hoofed steedes,
Thou daily doe the steepy Welkin beate,
And from this painefull taske art neuer freed,
But daily bound to lend the world thy heate:
Though thou in fiery Chariot ride,
And burning heate thereof abide,
Yet soone as night
Doth dim the light,
And hale her sable Cloake through vaulted skie,
Thy iournie's ceast,
And thou doost rest,
In cooling waues of *Tethis* soueraignty.

Thri

Thrice happy Sun, whose pains are eas'de by night,
O hapleſſe I, whose woes laſt night and day.
My paines by day do make me wiſh for night,
My woes by night do make me cry for day.
By day I turmoyle vp and downe,
By night in Seas of teares I drowne.
O painefull plight!
O wretched night,
Which neuer findes a morne of ioyfull light!
O ſad decay,
O wretched day,
That neuer feeles the eaſe of ſilent night!

Ye chirping Birds, whoſe notes might ioy my minde,
If to my minde one drop of ioy could ſinke,)
Who erſt, through Winters rage were almoſt pinde,
And kept through barren froſt from meat or drinke,
A bleſſed change yee now haue ſeene,
That changed hath your woefull teene.
By day you ſing,
And make to ring
The neighbour groues with Ecche of your Song:
In ſilent night,
Full cloſely dight,
You ſoundly ſleepe the buſhes greene among.

But I, who erſt (ah woefull worde to ſay)
Ioy'd the pleaſant ſpring of her ſweete grace,
And then could ſing and dance, and ſporte & play;
Since her fierce anger did my Spring diſplace,
My nightly reſt haue turn'd to detriment,

To plaints haue turn'd my wonted merimens
The Songs I ſing
While day doth ſpring,
Are bootleſſe plaints till I can plaine no more.
The reſt I taſte,
While night doth laſt,
Is broken ſighes, til they my hart make ſore.

Thou flowret of the field that erſt didſt fade,
And nipt with Northerne cold didſt hang the head
Yee Trees whoſe bared bowes had loſt their ſhade
Whoſe with'red leaues by weſtern blaſts were ſhed
Yee gin to bud and ſpring againe,
Winter is gone that did you ſtraine.
But I, that late
With vpright gate
Bare vp my head, while happy fauour laſted;
Now olde am growne,
Now ouerthrowne,
With wo, with griefe, with wailing now am waſted

Your ſpringing ſtalke with kindly iuice doth ſprout
My fainting legs do waſte and fall away:
Your ſtretched armes are clad with leaues about,
My griefe-conſumed armes do faſt decay.
Yee gin againe your tops lift vp;
I downe to earth-ward gin to ſtoope.
Each bowe and twig
Doth waxe ſo big,
That ſcarce the rinde is able it to hide;
I ſo do faint,

A

And pine with plaint,
That slops and Hose, and Galage wax too wide.

Eccho, how wel may she that makes me mone,
By thy example learne to rue my paine?
Thou hear'st my plaintes when as I waile alone,
And wailing accents answerest againe.
When as my brest through greefe I beate,
That wofull sound thou dost repeate.
When as I sob,
And hartly throb,
A dolefull sobbing sound againe thou sendest:
And when I weep,
And sigh full deep,
A weepy sighing Voice againe thou lendest.

But ah! how oft haue my sad plaints assaide
To pierce her Eares, deafe only vnto mee?
How oft my Woes in mournfull inke arraide
Haue tride to make her Eies my griefe to see?
And you, my Sighs and Teares, how often
Haue ye sought her hard hart to soften?
And yet her Eye,
Doth still denie
For all my Woes, one bitter teare to shed.
And yet her Hart
Will not impart,
One harty sigh, for griefe her self hath bred.

Nor I, alas, do wish that her faire Eyes,
Her blessed-making Eies should shed a teare,

Nor that one sigh from her deere Breast should rise,
For all the paines, the woes, the wrongs I beare.
First let this weight oppresse me still,
Ere shee, through mee taste any ill.
Ah if I might
But gaine her sight,
And shew hir, e're I die, my wretched case!
O then should I
Contented dy;
But ah I dy, and hope not so much grace.

With that his fainting legs to shrinke, begun,
And let him sinke with gastly look to ground
And there he lay as though his life were don,
Till that his Dog, seeing that wofull stound,
With pitteous howling, kissing & with scraping.
Brought him again from that sweet-sowre esca-
(ping.

Then gan his Teares so swiftly for to flow,
As forst his Ey-lids for to giue them way.
Then blust'ring sighes too boyst'rously gan blow,
As his weake lips could not their fury stay.
And inward griefe withall so hugely sweld,
As tears, sighes, griefe had soon al words expeld.

6373

At last, whenas his teares began to cease,
And weary sighes more calmely for to blowe:
As he began with words his griefe to ease,
And remnant of his broken plaint to show:
He spide the skie o're-spread with nightly clouds,
So home he went, his flocke and him to shrowde.

Eubulus his Embleme.

VNI MIHI PERGAMA RESTANT.

Francis Davison.

III. EGLOGVE.

Made long since vpon the death of Sir Phillip Sidney.

Thenot. *Perin.*

PERIN, arreed what new mischance betide,
Hath raft thee of thy wonted meriment?
Faire feeds thy flock this pleasant spring beside,
Nor Loue, I ween, hath made thee discontent,
Cold Age and Loue, to meetin one, consent.

Perin.

Ah *Thenot*, where the Ioy of hart doth faile,
What maruaile there, if mirth & musick quaile?
See how the flowrets of the field do spring,
The Purple Rose, the Lilly white as Snow;
With smell and colour for an Harueſt King,
May serue to make vs yong againe, I trow:
Yet all this pride is quickly laid full low,
Soon as the root is nipt with northerne cold,
What smell, or beauty, can we then behold?

Thenot.

As good not heare, as heard, not vnderstand,
My borrell braines through eld beene all to o dull,
Sike

Sike mister meaning nill by mee be scand,
All as my Face, so wrinckled is my skull:
Then say me *Perin*, by thy hope of wull,
And by thine Ewes blown bags and bagpipes
So not one Aneling in thy flock be found, (sound,

Perin.

Ah *Thenot*, by thine alderliefest Lasse,
Or whatsoeuer is more deere to thee;
No Bagpipe name, let song and sollace passe,
Death hath vndon my flock, my pipe, and mee.
Dead is the Sheeps delight, and Shepheards glee,
Broke is my Pipe, and I my selfe forlorne,
My Sheep vnfed, their fleeces rent and torne.

Thenot.

I mickle muz'de such vncouth change to see,
My flockes refuz'de to feed, yet hale they weare:
The tender Birds sate drooping on the tree,
The careless'e Lambs went wandring here & there:
My selfe vnknowne a part of griefe did beare,
Ne wist I why, yet heauy was my hart,
Vntimely Death was cause of all this smart.

Vp *Perin*, vp, aduaunce thy mournfull layes,
Sound loud thy pipe, but sound in dolefull wise.

Perin.

Who elfe, but *Thenot*, can the Muses raise,
And teach them sing and dance in mournfull guise
My fingers stiffe, my voice doth hoarsely rise.

Thenot.

Ah, where is *Collin*, and his passing skill?
For him it sits our sorrow to fulfill.

Perin.

Tway sore extreames our *Collin* presse so neere,
(Alas that such extreames should presse him so)
The want of wealth, and losse of loue so deere,
Scarse can he breathe from vnder heapes of woe,
He that beares heau'n, beares no such weight I trow.

Thenot.

Hath he such skill in making all aboue,
And hath no skill to get, or Wealth, or Loue?

Perin.

Praise is the greatest prise that Poets gaine,
A simple gaine that feeds them ne're a whit.
The wanton lasse for whom he bare such paine,
Like running water loues to change and flit.
But if thee list to heare a sorry fit,
Which *Cuddy* could in dolefull verse endite,
Blow thou thy Pipe while I the same recite.

Thenot.

Ginne when thou list, all-be my skill but small,
Iy forward minde shall make amends for all.

Perin.

YEe Nimphs that bathe your bodies in this spring:
Your tender bodies white as driuen Snow:

Ye

Yee Virgins chaſte which in this Groue doe ſing,
Which neither griefe of Loue, nor Death do know:
So may your ſtreames runne cleere for ay,
So may your trees giue ſhade alway.
Depart a ſpace,
And giue me place,
To wayle with griefe my reſtleſſe woe alone,
For feare my cries,
Conſtraine your eyes,
To ſhed forth teares, and help lament my mone.

And thou, my Muſe, that whilome wont to eaſe,
Thy Maiſters minde with layes of ſweete delight,
Now change thoſe tunes, no ioy my hart can pleaſe,
Gone is the day, come is the darkeſome night,
Our Sunne cloſe hid in cloudes doth lie,
We liue indeede, but liuing, die:
No light we ſee,
Yet wander wee,
We wander farre and neere without a guide:
And all aſtray,
We looſe our way,
For in this world n'is ſuch a Sunne beſide.

Ye Shepheards Boyes that leade your flocks a field,
The whilſt your ſheepe feede ſafely round about,
Breake me your Pipes that pleaſant ſound did yeeld,
Sing now no more the Songs of *Collin Clout*:
Lament the end of all our ioy,
Lament the ſource of all annoy.
WILLY is dead,

That wont to leade
Our flockes and vs in mirth and Shepheards glee:
Wel could he sing,
Wel dance, and spring;
Of all the Shepheards was none such as hee.

How often hath his skill in pleasant Song
Drawn al the water-nimphs from out their bowers?
How haue they laine the tender grasse along,
And made him Garlands gay of smelling flowers?
Phœbus himselfe that conquer'd *Pan*,
Striuing with *Willy*, nothing wan.
Ne thinkes I see,
The time when hee
Pluckt from his golden lockes the Laurell crowne;
And so to raise
Our *Willies* praise,
Bedeckt his head, and softly set him downe.

The learned Muses flockt to heare his skill,
And quite forgot their water, wood, and mount;
They thought his Songs were done too quickly stil,
Of none but *Willies* Pipe they made account.
Hee sung; they seemd in ioy to flowe:
He ceast; they seemd to weep for woe;
The Rurall rout,
All round about,
Like Bees came swarming thicke, to heare him sing:
Ne could they thinke,
On meate or drinke,
While *Willies* musicke in their eares did ring.

But

But now (alas) ſuch pleaſant mirth is paſt,
Apollo weepes, the Muſes rend their haire.
No ioy on earth that any time can laſt,
See where his breathleſſe corps lies on the beare.
Th at ſelfe ſame hand that reft his life,
Hath turned Shepheards peace to ſtrife.
Our ioy is fled,
Our life is dead,
Our hope, our help, our glory all is gone:
Our Poets praiſe,
Our happy dayes,
And nothing left but griefe, to thinke thereon.

What *Thames*, what *Seuerne*, or what weſterne Se:
Shall giue me floods of trickling teares to ſhed?
What comfort can my reſtleſſe griefe appeaſe?
O that mine eies were Fountaines in my head!
Ah *Collin*! I lament thy caſe,
For thee remaines no hope of grace.
The beſt reliefe,
Of Poets griefe,
Is dead, and wrapt full colde in filthy clay,
And nought remaines,
To eaſe our paines,
But hope of death, to ridde vs hence away.

Phillis, thine is the greateſt griefe aboue the reſt:
Where beene thy ſweeteſt Poſies feately dight,
Thy Girlonds with a true-loues Knot addreſt,
And all that erſt, thou *Willy*, didſt behight?
Thy labour all is loſt in vaine,

The griefe whereof shall ay remaine.
The Sunne so bright,
That falles to night,
To morrow from the East againe shall rise:
But we decay,
And waste away,
Without returne, alas, thy *Willy* dies.

See how the drooping Flockes refuse to feede,
How Riuers streame with teares aboue the bankes,
The Trees do shed their leaues, to waile agreede,
The beasts vnfed, go mourning all in rankes.
The Sunne denies the Earth his light,
The Spring is kill'd with winters might:
The flowers spill,
The birds are still:
No voyce of ioy is heard in any place.
The Meddows greene,
A change haue seene,
And *Flora* hides her pale disfigur'd face.

Watch now, ye shepheards boyes, with waking eyes,
And loose your time of sleepe, to learne to sing.
O happy skill, what good is got thereby,
A painted praise that can no profite bring?
If Skill could moue the Sisters three,
Our *Willy* still aliue should be.
The woolfe so wood,
Amazed stood,
To sound of *Willies* pipe, and left his pray:
Both Pipe and Skill,

The

The Sisters spill,
o, worse then any wicked Wolfe are they.

) flatt'ring hope of mortall mens delight,
o faire in outward shew, so foule within!
he deepest streames do flow full calme to sight,
he rau'ning Woolues do jet in Weathers skin;
Wee deem'd our *Willy* ay should liue,
So sweete a sound his Pipe could giue:
But cruel death
Hath stopt his breath:
umbe lies his Pipe that wont so sweete to sound:
Our flockes lament
His life is spent,
nd careleſſe wander all the woods around.

ome now, ye shepheards daughters, come no more
o heare the Songs that Cuddy wont to sing:
oarse is my Muse, my throate with crying, sore;
hese woods with Eccho of my griefe doe ring.
Your *Willies* life was Cuddies ioy,
Your *Willies* death hath kill'd the Boy:
Broke lies my Pipe,
Till Reedes be ripe
o make a new one, but a worse, I feare:
Saue yeere by yeere,
To waile my Deere.
l Pipe and Song I vtterly forsweare.

Thenot.

cke and welladay may shepheards cry,

Our *Willy* dead, our *Collin* killd with care:
Who shall not loathe to liue, and long to die?
And will not griefe our little Cuddy spare,
But must he too of sorrow haue a share?
Ay, how his ruefull Verse hath prickt my hart!
How feelingly hath hee expreſt my smart!

Perin.

Ah *Thenot*, hadst thou seene his sory looke,
His wringed hands, his eies to heau'n vpkeſt;
His teares, that stream'd like water in the Brooke;
His sighes, that made his Rimes seeme rudely dreſt,
To teares thou wouldst haue melted with the reſt.
But hie we homeward, night approcheth neere,
And rainie cloudes in southerne skies appeere.

A. W.

II. Eglogve.

Shepheard. *Heard-man.*

COme gentle Heard-man, ſit by mee,
And tune thy Pipe by mine
Heere vnderneath this Willow tree,
To ſhield the hote Sunne-ſhine.
Where I haue made my Summer bower,
For prooſe of Summer beames,
And deckt it vp with many a flower,
Sweete ſeated by the ſtreames.
Where gentle *Daphnee* once a day,
Theſe flowry bankes doth walke,
And in her boſome beares away
The pride of many a ſtalke.
But leaues the humble Heart behinde,
That ſhould her Garland dight:
And ſhe, ſweete ſoule, the more vnkinde,
To ſet true loue ſo light.
But, whereas others beare the Bell,
As in her fauour bleſt;
Her ſhepheard loueth her as well,
As thoſe whome ſhe loues beſt.

Heard-man.

ALas, poore Paſtor, I finde,
Thy loue is lodg'd ſo high,
That on thy flocke thou haſt no minde,
But feedſt a wanton Eie.
If dainty *Daphnes* lookes beſot
Thy doating hearts deſire,
Be ſure, that farre aboue thy lot,
Thy liking doth aſpire.
To loue ſo ſweete a Nymph as ſhee,
And looke for loue againe:
Is fortune fitting high degree,
Not for a Shepheards ſwaine.
For ſhe of lordly lads becoyd,
And ſought of great eſtates,
Her fauour ſcornes to be enioyde
By vs poore lowly Mates.
Wherefore I warne thee to be wiſe,
Go with me to my walke,
Where lowly Laſſes be not nice,
There like and chuſe thy Make.
Where are no pearles nor Gold to view,
No pride of ſilken ſight,
But Petticoates of ſcarlet hew,
Which vaile the skin ſnow-white.
There trueſt Laſſes beene to get
For loue and little coſt:
There ſweet deſire is payd his det,
And labour ſeldome loſt.

Shep-

Shepheard.

NO Heardman, no, thou rau'ſt too lowde,
Our trade ſo vile to hold.
My weede as great a Hart doth ſhrowde,
As his that's clad in gold:
And take the truth that I thee tell,
This Song faire *Daphnee* ſings,
That *Cupid* will be ſeru'd as well,
Of Shepheards as of Kings.
For proofe whereof, old bookes recorde,
That *Venus* Queene of Loue,
Would ſett aſide her warlike Lorde,
And youthfull Paſtors proue.
How *Paris* was as well belou'de,
A ſimple Shepheards Boy,
As after when that he was prou'de
King *Priams* Son of Troy.
And therefore haue I better hope,
As had thoſe Lads of yore,
My courage takes as large a ſcope,
Although their haps were more.
And for thou ſhalt not deeme I ieſt,
And beare a mind more baſe;
No meaner hope ſhall haunt my breſt,
Then deereſt *Daphnees* grace.
My minde no other thought retaines,
Mine Eye nought elſe admiers:
My hart no other paſſion ſtraines,
Nor other hap deſiers.

My Muse of nothing else entreates,
My Pipe nought else doth sound,
My Veines no other seauer heates,
Such faith's in Shepheards found.

Heard-man.

AH Shepheerd, then I see, with griefe
Thy care is past all cure,
No remedy for thy reliefe,
But patiently endure.
Thy wonted libertie is fled,
Fond fancie breeds thy bane,
Thy sence of folly brought a bed,
Thy wit is in the wane.
I can but sorrow for thy sake,
Since loue lulles thee asleepe.
And whilst out of thy dreame thou wake,
God shield thy straying sheepe.
Thy wretched Flocke may rue and curse
This proude desire of thine,
Whose woefull state from bad to wurse
Thy careless eye will pine.
And e'en as they, thy selfe likewise
With them shalt weare and waste,
To see the spring before thine eyes,
Thou thirsty canst not taste.
Content thee therefore with Conceit,
Where others gaine the grace,
And thinke thy fortune at the height,
To see but *Daphnees* face.

Al-

Although thy truth deserued well
Reward aboue the rest,
Thy haps shall be but meanes to tell
How other men are blest.
So gentle Shepheard, farewel now,
Bee warned by my reed,
For I see writ ten in thy brow,
Thy Hart for loue doth bleed.
Yet longer with thee would I stay,
If ought would do thee good,
But nothing can the heate allay,
Where Loue enflames the blood.

Shepheard.

THen Heardman, since it is my lot,
and my good liking such,
Striue not to breake the faithfull knot
That thinkes no paine too much.
For what contents my *Daphnee* best
I neuer will despise;
So she but wish my soule good rest
When death shall close mine eyes.
Then Heard-man, farewel once againe,
For now the day is fled:
So might thy cares, poore Shepheards Swaine,
Flie from thy carefull head.

Ignoto.

IIII. EGLOGVE.

Concerning olde Age. The beginning and end of this Eglogue are wanting.

Perin.

FOr when thou art not as thou wont of yore,
No cause why life should please thee any more.
Whilome I was (in course of former yeeres,
Ere freezing Eld had coolde my youthly rage)
Of mickle worth among my Shepheards Peeres.
Now for I am some-dele ystept in age,
For pleasance, strength, and beautie ginnes asswage.
Ech litle Heard-groom laughs my wrinkled face,
Ech bonny lasse for Cuddy shunnes the place;
For all this woe none can wee iustly twight,
But hatefull Eld, the foe to pleasant rest,
Which like a Theefe doth rob vs of delight.

Wrenock.

Perin, enough; few words beene alwayes best,
Needs must be borne that cannot be redrest.
Selfe am I as thou seest in thilke estate,
The griefe is eath to beare that haz a mate.
But sicker for to speake the truth indeed,
Thou seem'st to blame that blameless seems to me,

And

And hurtleſſe Eld to ſneb:(ill mought he ſpeed,
That ſlayes the Dog,for Wolues ſo wicked bee)
The faults of men thou lay'ſt on Age I ſee,
For which if Eld were in it ſelfe too blame,
Then I and all my Peeres ſhould taſte the ſame.

Perin.

Wreenock, I weene thou doat'ſt through ruſty Eld,
And think'ſt with fained words to bleare mine eie.
Thou for thy ſtore art euer bliſſefull held,
Thy heapes of gold nill let thee ſorrow ſpie,
Thy Flocks full ſafe here vnder ſhade doe lie,
Thy weanlings fat,thine ewes with bladders blowne:
A iollier Shepheard haue we ſeldome knowne.

Wrenock.

For thilke my ſtore, great *Pan* yherried be;
But if for thy, mine age with ioy I beare,
How falles it that thy ſelfe vnlike to me,
Art vexed ſo with griefe and bootleſſe feare?
Thy ſtore will let thee ſleepe on either eare:
But neither want makes Age to wiſemen hard,
Nor fools by welth from grieuous pains are bard.

Perin.

Seeſt not how free yond Lambkin skips and plaies;
And wrigs his tayle, and buts with tender head;
All for he feeles the heate of youngthly dayes,
Which ſecret law of kinde hath inly bred?
Thilke Ewe from whom all Ioy with youth is fled,
See how it hangs the head, as it would weep,
Whilome it skipt, vneathes now may it creep.

Wrenock.

No fellowſhip hath ſtate of Beaſts with man,
In them is nought but ſtrength of lim and bone,
Which endes with age as it with age began.
But man they ſaine (as other Creature none)
Hath vncouth fire conuayd from Heau'n by one,
(His name I wiſt) that yeelds him inward light
Sike fire as Welkin ſhowes in winter night.

Which neither Age nor Time can weare away,
Which waxeth bett for vſe as Shepheards Crooke
That euer ſhineth brighter day by day:
Al ſo though wrinkled ſeeme the aged looke,
Bright ſhines the fire that from the ſtars we tooke.
And ſooth to ſay, thilke Ewe laments the paine,
That thilke ſame wanton Lamb is like ſuſtaine.

Peri

Perin.

Ah *Thenot*, be not all thy teeth on edge,
To see youngths folke to sport in pastimes gay?
To pitch the Barre, to throwe the weightie sledge,
To dance with *Phillis* all the holli-day,
To hunt by day, the Fox, by night, the Gray;
Sike peereleſſe pleasures wont vs for to queme,
Now lig we laide, as drownd in heauy dreame.

Anomos.

Deest.

Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, and Madrigalls.

By

Francis Daniſon and *Walter Daniſon* } *Brethren.*

SONET. I.

Dedication of theſe Rimes, to his firſt loue.

IF my harſh humble ſtile, and Rimes ill dreſſed,
Arriue not to your worth and beautie glorious
My Muſes ſhoulders are with weight oppreſſed,
And heauenly beams are o're my ſight victorious
If theſe dimme colours haue your worth expreſſed
Laide by Loues hand, and not by Arte laborious
Your Sun-like raies haue my wits harueſt bleſſed
Ennabling me to make your praiſe notorious.
But if alas! (alas the heauens defend it,)
My lines your eies, my loue your hart diſpleaſing
Breed hate in you, and kill my hope of eaſing;
Say with your ſelf, how can the wretch amend it
I wondrons faire, he wondrous deerely louing,
How can his thoughts but make his pen be mouing

SONNET. II.

That he cannot hide or dissemble his affection.

BEND my wits, and beate my wearie braine,
To keep my inward griefe from outward show.
Alas I cannot: now tis vaine I know,
To hide a fire, whose flame appeereth plaine.
force my will, my sences I constraine,
T'imprison in my heart my secret woe;
But musing thoghts, deep sighs, or tears that flow,
Discouer what my heart hides, al in vaine.
et blame not (Deere) this vndissembled passion;
For wel may Loue, within small limits bounded,
Be wisely maskte in a disguized fashion.
But he, whose hart, like mine, is throghly woũded,
an neuer faine, no though he were assured,
hat Fayning might haue greater grace procured.

SONET

SONNET III.

Vpon his absence from her.

THE faireſt Eies,(O Eies in blackneſſe faire!)
That euer ſhinde,and the moſt heau'nly face,
The daintieſt ſmiling,the moſt conquering grace
And ſweeteſt breath that e're perfumde the ayre
The cherrieſt lippes, whoſe kiſſe might well repair
A dead mans ſtate;that ſpeech which did diſplac
All meane deſiers, and all affections baſe,
Clogging ſwift Hea[illegible], & winging dead Diſpaire
That ſnow-white breaſt,& al thoſe faultles feature
Which made her ſeeme a perſonage diuine,
And farre excelling faireſt humane creatures,
Hath Abſence baniſht from my curſed Eine.
But in my Heart, as in a Mirrour cleere,
All theſe perfections to my thoughts appeere.

SONNET. IIII.

Vpon preſenting her with the ſpeech of Grayes-Inne Maske at the Court 1594. conſiſting of three partes, The Story of Proteus Transformations, the wonders of the Adamantine Rocke, and a ſpeech to her Maieſtie.

WHo in theſe lines may better claime a parte,
That ſing the praiſes of the *Britton* Queene,
Then you, faire ſweet, that only Soueraign beene,
Of the poore Kingdome of my faithful Harte?
Or to whoſe vew ſhould I this ſpeech imparte,
Where th'adamãtines rocks great powre is ſhown:
But to your cõq'ring eies, whoſe force once known
Makes euen Iron harts loath thence to parte?
Or who of Proteus ſundry transformations,
May better ſend you the new-fayned Story,
Then I, whoſe loue vnfain'de felt no mutations,
Since to be yours I firſt receiu'de the glory?
Accept then of theſe lines, though meanely pend,
So fit for you to take, and me to ſend.

Ele-

ELEGIE. I.

He renounceth his food, and former delight in Muſicke, Poeſie, and Painting.

SItting at board ſometimes, preparde to eate,
Ift hap my minde on theſe my woes to thinke,
Sighs fill my mouth in ſteade of pleaſant meate,
And teares do moiſt my lips in lieu of drinke:
But yet, nor ſighs, nor tears, that tũ amain (paine
Can either ſtarue my thoughts, or quench my

Another time with carefull thoughts o're-tane,
I thought theſe thoughts with muſicks might to
But as I gan to ſet my notes in frame, (chac
A ſuddaine Paſſion did my ſong diſplace.
Inſtead of Reſts, ſighes from my hart did riſe,
In ſtead of Notes, deep ſobs and mournful crie

Then, when I ſaw, that theſe my thoughts increaſe
And that my thoughts vnto my woes gaue fire,
I hopte both thoughtes and woes might be releaſe
If to the Muſes I did me retire.
Whoſe ſweet delights were wont to eaſe my w
But now (alas) they could do nothing ſo.

For trying oft (alas) yet ſtill in vaine,
To make ſome pleaſant numbers to ariſe,
And beating oft my dulled weary Braine,
In hope ſome ſweete Conceit for to deuiſe: (come,
Out of my mouth no wordes but groanes would
Out of my Pen no inke but teares would runne.

Of all my old Delights yet one was left,
Painting alone to eaſe my minde remain'd;
By which, whenas I look't to be bereft
Of theſe heart-vexing woes that ſtill me ſtrain'd,
From forth mine eies the blood for colours came,
And teares withall to temper ſo the ſame.

Adieu my foode that wontſt my taſte to pleaſe,
Adieu my Songs that bred mine eares delight,
Adieu ſweete Muſe that oft my minde didſt eaſe,
Painting, Adieu, that oft re freſht my ſight,
Since neither taſte, nor eares, nor ſight, nor mind,
In your Delights can aught ſaue ſorrow finde.

SON-

SONNET. V.

To Pitty.

WAKE Pitty, wake, for thou haſt ſlept too lon
Within the Tygriſh hart of that fierce faire,
Who ruines moſt, where moſt ſhe ſhould repair
And wher ſhe ows moſt right, doth greateſt wrō
Wake Pitty, wake, O do no more prolong
Thy needeful help! but quickly heare my praye
Quickly (alas) for otherwiſe Deſpaire,
By guiltie death, will end my guiltleſſe wrong.
Sweet Pitty wake, and tell my cruell Sweete,
That if my death her honour might encreaſe,
I would lay downe my life at her prowd feete,
And willing die, and dying, hold my peace.
Tell her I liue, and liuing, crie for grace,
Becauſe my death her glory would deface.

Ode. I.

That only her beauty and voice pleaſe him.

I.

O Paſſion may my Iudgement bleare,
Therfore ſure I will not ſweare,
That others are not pleaſing:
But I ſpeake it to my paine,
And my life ſhall it maintaine,
None elſe yeelds my hart eaſing.

II.

Ladies I doo thinke there bee,
Other ſome as faire as ſhee,
(Though none haue fairer features)
But my Turtle-like Affection,
Since of her I made Election,
Scornes other faireſt creatures.

III.

Surely I wil not deny,
But ſome others reach as high
With their ſweet warbling voices;
But ſince her Notes charmde mine Eare,
Then the ſweeteſt Tunes I heare,
To mee ſeeme rude harſh noyſes.

MADRIGAL I. *To Cupid.*

LOVE, if a God thou art,
Then euermore thou muſt,
Be mercifull and iuſt.
If thou be iuſt; O wherefore doth thy Dart,
Wound mine alone, and not my Ladies Hart?

If mercifull, then why
Am I to paine reſeru'd,
Who haue thee truely ſeru'd:
While ſhe that by thy powre ſets not a flie.
Laughs thee to ſcorne, and liues in libertie?

Then, if a God thou would'ſt accounted be,
Heale me like her, or elſe wound her like me.

MADRIGAL II.

Vpon his Miſtreſſe ſickenes, and his owne health.

IN health and eaſe am I,
Yet, as I ſenſleſſe were, it nought contents mee.
You ſicke in paine do lie,
And (ah) your paine exceedingly torments me
Whereof, this only is the reaſon true,
That dead vnto my ſelfe, I liue in you.

MADRIGAL III.

He begs a Kisse.

SORROVV seldome killeth any,
Sodaine Ioy hath murthered many.
Then (Sweete) if you would end mee,
'Tis a fond course with lingring griefe to spend mee.
For, quickly to dispatch me,
Your onely way is, in your armes to catch mee,
And giue me a sweete Kisse:
For such excessiue and vnlookt for blisse,
Would so much ouer-ioy mee,
As it would strait destroy mee.

MADRIGAL IIII.

Vpon a Kisse receiued.

SINCE your sweete cherry lippes I kist,
No want of foode I once haue mist.
My stomach now no meate requires:
My throate no drinke at all desires.
For by your breath which then I gained,
Ambrosia-like my life's maintained.

Then grant me (Deere) those cherries still,
That let me feede on them my fill.
If by a surfet death I get,
On my Tombe let this be set;
Heere lieth hee whome Cherries two,
Made both to liue, and life forgo.

Ode II.

Vpon her protesting, that now hauing tried his sincere affection, she loued him.

1

LADIE, you are with beauties so enriched,
Of body and of minde,
As I can hardly finde,
Which of them all hath most my heart bewitched.

2

Whether your skin so white, so smoothe, so tender,
Or Face so louely faire,
Or long hart-binding haire,
Or dainty Hand, or Legge, and Foote so slender.

3

Or whether your sharpe wit and liuely spirit,
Where Pride can finde no place;
Or your most pleasing grace,
Or speech, which doth true eloquence inherit.

4

Most louely all, and each of them do moue mee,
More then words can expresse;
But yet I must confesse,
Loue you most, because you please to loue mee.

Ode II.

His reſtleſſe eſtate.

Your Preſence breedes my anguiſh,
Your abſence makes me languiſh:
Your ſight with woe doth fill mee,
And want of your ſweete ſight alas doth kill mee.

If thoſe deere Eyes that burne mee,
With milde aſpect you turne mee,
For life my weake hart panteth:
If frowningly, my Spirit and Life-blood fainteth.

If you ſpeake kindly to mee,
Alas, kind words vndoo mee:
Yer ſilence doth diſlike mee,
And one vnkind ill word ſtark dead would ſtrike m

Thus Sunne, nor ſhade doth eaſe mee,
Nor ſpeach, nor ſilence pleaſe mee:
Fauours and frownes annoy mee,
Both want and plentie equally deſtroy me.

ELEGIE II. *Or Letter in Verſe.*

MY deereſt Sweete, if theſe ſad lines do happe
The raging fury of the Sea to ſcape,
O be not you more cruell then the Seas;
Let Pitty now your angry Minde appeaſe,
So that your Hand may bee their bleſſed Port,
From whence they may vnto your Eyes reſort,
And at that Throane pleading my wretched caſe,
May moue your cruell Hart to yeeld mee grace.
So may no Cloudes of elder yeeres, obſcure
Your Sun-like Eyes, but ſtil as bright endure,
As then they ſhone when with one piercing Ray,
They made my ſelfe their ſlaue, my hart their pray:
So may no Sickneſſe nippe thoſe flowers ſweet,
Which euer flowring on your Cheekes doo meet:
Nor all-defacing Time haue power to raſe,
The goodly building of that heauenly Face.

Fountaine of Bliſſe, yet well-ſpring of my woe,
(O would I might not iuſtly terme you ſo!)
Alas, your cruell dealing, and my Fate
Haue now reduc'de mee to that wretched ſtate,
That I know not how I my ſtyle may frame
To thanks, or grudging, or to praiſe, or blame;
And where to write, I al my powers do bend,
There wot I not how to beginne or ende.
And now my driſling teares trill downe apace,
As if the latter would the former chace,
Whereof ſome few on my pale Cheekes remaine,
Like wither'd flowers, bedewd with drops of raine.

The otherr falling, in my Paper ſinke,
Or dropping in my Pen, increaſe my inke.
Which ſuddaine Paſſions Cauſe if you would find
A trembling feare doth now poſſeſſe my minde,
That you will not vouchſafe theſe lines to reede,
Leſt they ſome pitty in your harte might breede:
But or with angry frownes refuſe to take them,
Or taking them, the fires fewell make them,
Or with thoſe hands (made to a milder end)
Theſe guiltleſſe leaues all into peeces rend.
O Cruell Tyrant! (yet beloued ſtill,)
Wherein haue I deſeru'de of you ſo ill,
That all my loue you ſhould with hate requite,
And all my paines reward with ſuch deſpight?
Or if my faulte be great (which I proteſt
Is only Loue, too gteat to be expreſt,)
What, haue theſe Lines ſo harmeleſſe innocent
Deſeru'd to feele their Maſters puniſhment?
Theſe Leaues are not vnto my fault conſenting:
And therefore ought not haue the ſame tormenting
When you haue read them, vſe them as you liſt,
For by your ſight they ſhall be fully bliſt;
But till you reade them, let the woes I haue
This harmeleſſe Paper from your fury ſaue.

Cleere vp mine eyes, & drie your ſelues, my Teares
And thou my Harte banniſh theſe deadly feares;
Perſwade thy ſelfe, that though her harte diſdaine,
Either to loue thy loue, or rue thy paine,
Yet her faire Eyes will not a booke denie,
To this ſad Story of thy Miſerie.

O then, my Deere, behold the Portraiture
Of him that doth all kinde of woes endure,
Of him whose Head is made a Hiue of woes,
Whose swarming number dayly greater growes:
Of him whose Sences like a Racke are bent,
With diuerse motions my poore soule to rent;
Whose Minde a Mirrour is, which only showes,
The ougly Image of my present woes:
Whose Memorie's a poyson'd Knife to teare
The euer-bleeding wound my Breast doth beare,
(The euer-bleeding wound not to be cured,
But by those Eyes that first the same procured.)
And that poore Harte, so faithfull, constant, true,
That only loues, and serues, and honours you,
Is like a feeble Ship, which torne and rent,
The Mast of Hope being broke, and tackling spent,
Reason the Pilot dead, the Starres obscured,
By which alone to saile it was enured,
No Porte, no Land, no Comfort once expected,
All hope of Safety vtterly neglected,
With dreadfull terror tumbling vp and downe,
Passions vncertaine, waues with hideous sound,
Doth daily, hourely, minutely expect,
When either it should runne, and so be wreckt
Vpon Despaires sharpe Rocke, or be o'rethrowne,
With Storme of your Disdaine so fiercely blowne.

But yet, of al the woes that doe torment my hart,
Of all the Torments that do dayly rent my hart,
There's none so great (although I am assured,
That euen the least can not bee long endured:)

As that ſo many weekes (nay months, nay yeares,
Nay tedious Ages, (for it ſo appeares)
My trembling Hart (beſides ſo many anguiſhes,)
Twixt hope & feare vncertaine howerly languiſhes,
Whether your hands, your Eyes, your Hart of ſtone
Did take my lines, and reade them, and bemone
With one kind word, one ſigh, one pittying teare,
Th'vnfained griefe which for your loue I beare;
Whether y'accepted that laſt Monument
Of my deere Loue, the Booke (I meane) I ſent
To your deare ſelfe, when the reſpectleſſe winde
Bare me away, leauing my hart behinde.
And daigne ſometimes when you the ſame do view,
To thinke on him, who alwayes thinks on you.
Or whether you (as Oh I feare you doo)
Hate both my ſelfe, and Giftes and Letters too.

I muſt confeſſe, that when I do conſither,
How ill, alas, how ill agree together,
So peereleſſe beautie, to ſo fierce a minde,
So hard an inſide to ſo faire a rinde,
A Hart ſo bloody to ſo white a breſt,
So proud diſdaine, with ſo milde lookes ſuppreſt;
And how my deere (Oh would it had beene neuer,
Accurſed word, nay would it might be euer)
How once I ſay, till your Hart was eſtranged,
(Alas how ſoone my day to night was changed)
You did vouchſafe my poore Eyes ſo much grace,
Freely to viewe the Riches of your face,
And did ſo high exalte my lowly Hart,
To call it yours, and take it in good part.,

And (which was greateſt bliſſe) did not diſdaine,
For boundleſſe loue to yeeld ſome loue againe.
When this, I ſay, I call vnto my minde,
And in my Harte and Soule no cauſe can finde,
No fact, no word, whereby my Hart hath merited,
Of your ſweete loue to be thus diſinherited,
Diſpaire it ſelfe cannot make mee diſpaire,
But that you'le prooue as kinde, as you are faire,
And that my lines, & booke, (O would twere true)
Are, though I know't not yet, receiu'de by you,
And often haue your cruelty repented,
Whereby my guiltleſſe Heart is ſo tormented,
And now at length in lieu of paſſed woe,
Will pitty, grace, and loue, and fauour ſhoe.

But when againe my curſed Memory,
To my ſad thoughts confounded diuerſly,
Preſents the time, the teare procuring time,
That wither'd my yong Ioyes before their prime;
The time when I with tedious abſence tired,
With reſtleſſe loue, and rackt deſire inſpired,
Comming to finde my Earthly paradiſe,
To glaſſe my ſight in your two heauenly Eyes,
(On which alone my Earthly Ioyes depended:
And wanting which, my ioy and life were ended)
From your ſweete Roſie lippes, the ſprings of bliſſe
To draw the Nectar of a ſweeteſt Kiſſe;
My greedy Eares on your ſweete wordes to feede,
Which canded in your ſweeteſt breath proceede,
In daintieſt accents through that Currall dore,
Guarded with pretious Pearle, and Rubies ſtore:

To touch your Hand ſo white, ſo moiſt, ſo ſoft,
And with a rauiſht kiſſe redoubled oft,
Reuenge with kindeſt ſpight the bloody theft,
Whereby it cloſely mee my Hart bereft:
And of all bliſſe to taſte the Conſummation,
In your ſweete, gracefull, heauenly Conuerſation,
By whoſe ſweet charms the ſoules you do inchaunt,
Of all that doo your louely preſence haunt;
In ſtead in all theſe Ioyes I did expect,
Found nought but frownes, vnkindnes, and neglect.
Neglect, vnkindnes, frownes? nay plaine contempt,
And open Hate, from no diſdaine exempt,
No bitter words, ſide lookes, nor aught that might
Engreeue, encreaſe ſo vndeſeru'd deſpight.
When this (I ſay) I thinke, and thinke withall,
How, nor thoſe ſhowers of Teares mine Eies let fall
Nor winde of bluſtring Sighes with all their force,
Could moue your rocky Heart once to remorce;
Can I expect that letters ſhould finde grace,
Or pitty euer in your harte haue place?
No no; I thinke, and ſad Diſpaire ſayes for mee,
You hate, diſdaine, and vtterly abhorre mee.

Alas, my deere, if this you doe deuiſe,
To try the virtue of your murthering Eyes,
And in the Glaſſe of bleeding harts, to vew
The glorious ſplendour of your Beauties hew,
Ah trie it, trie it on rebellious ſprights,
That doe withſtand the power of ſacred lights,
And make them feele (if any ſuch be found)
How deepe and cureleſly your Eyes can wound.

But

But ſpare, O ſpare my yeelding Hart, and ſaue
Him, whoſe cheefe glory is to be your ſlaue:
Make mee, the matter of your Clemencie,
And not, the ſubiect of your Tyrannie.

Ode IIII.

Being deprived of her ſweete lookes, wordes, and geſtures, by his abſence in Italie, he deſires her to write vnto him.

I.

My onely ſtarre,
Why, why are your deere Eyes,
Where all my life's peace lies,
With me at warre?
Why to my Ruine tending,
Do they ſtill lighten woe,
On him that loues you ſo,
That all his thoughts, in you haue birth and ending?

II.

Hope of my Hart,
O wherefore do the wordes,

And,

Which your ſweet tongue affoordes,
No hope impart?
But cruell without meaſure,
To my eternall paine,
Still thunder forth Diſdaine,
On him whoſe life depends vpon your pleaſure.

III.

Sunne-ſhine of Ioy,
Why doe your Geſtures, which
All Eies and Hearts bewitch,
My bliſſe deſtroy?
And Pities skie o're-clowding
Of Hate an endleſſe ſhowre,
On that poore heart ſtill powre,
Which in your boſome ſeekes his onely ſhrowding.

IIII.

Balme of my wound,
Why are your lines, whoſe ſight
Should cure me with delight,
My poyſon found?
Which through my veines diſperſing,
Doth make my heart and minde,
And all my ſenſes finde,
A liuing death in torments paſt reherſing.

V.

Alas, my Fate
Hath of your Eies depriu'd mee,
Which both kill'd and reuiu'd me,

And ſweetned Hate;
our ſweet Voice, and ſweet Graces,
Which cloathde in louely weedes,
Your cruell wordes and deedes,
re intercepted by farre diſtant places.

VI.

But O the Anguiſh,
Vhich Preſence ſtill pretended,
bſence hath not abſented,
Nor made to languiſh.
o, no, t'encreaſe my paining,
The cauſe being (ah) remoued,
For which th'effect I loued,
l'effect is ſtill in greateſt force remaining.

VII.

O cruell Tyger,
to your hard harts Center,
eares, Vowes, and Prayers may enter,
Deſiſt your rigour:
nd let kind lines aſſure mee,
(Since to my deadly wound,
No ſalue elſe can be found)
hat you that kill me, yet at length will cure mee.

MADRIGAL V.

Allusion to the Confusion of Babell.

THe wretched life I liue
In my weake Sences such confusion maketh,
That like th'accurſed Rabble
That built the Towre of Babble,
My wit miſtaketh,
And vnto nothing a right name doth giue.

I terme her my deere loue, that deadly hates mee,
My cheefeſt Good, her that's my cheefeſt euill;
Her Saint and Goddeſſe, who's a Witch, a Deuill;
Her my ſole Hope, that with deſpaire amates mee,
My Balme I call her, that with poyſon fills mee;
And her I terme my life, that daily kills mee.

SONNET. VI.

Vpon her acknowledging his Desarte, yet reiecting his Affection.

IF Loue conioyn'd with worth and great desarte,
Merit like loue in euery noble minde:
Why then doo I you still so cruell finde,
To whom you do such praise of worth imparte?
nd if (my Deere) you speake not from your harte,
Two haynous wrongs you do together binde:
To seeke with glozing words mine eies to blinde,
And yet my Loue with hateful deedes to thwarte.
o want what one deserues, engreeues his paine,
Because it takes away all selfe-accusing,
And vnder kindest words to maske disdaine,
Is to a vexed Soule too much abusing.
hen ift bee false, such glosing words refraine,
true, O then let worth his due obtaine!

SONNET. VII.

Her Answere, in the same Rimes.

IF your fond Loue want worth and great desarte,
Then blame your selfe, if you me cruell finde:
If worth alone moue euery noble minde,
Why to no worth should I my loue imparte?
And if the lesse to greeue your wounded harte,
I seeke your dazled eies with words to blinde,
To iust disfauour I great fauor binde, (thwarte
With deeds, and not with words your loue to
The freeing of your minde from selfe-accusing,
By granting your deserts should ease your paine
And since your fault's but loue, t'were some abu
With bitter words t'enuenom iust disdaine. (sin
Then if t bee true, all glozing I refraine;
If false, why should no worth, worths due obtaine

ODE

Ode V.

His Farewell to his Vnkinde and Vnconstant Mistresse.

SVVEETE, if you like and loue mee still,
And yeelde me loue for my good will.
And do not from your promise start,
When your faire hand gaue me your hart.
If deere to you I bee,
As you are deere to mee.
Then yours I am, and will be euer,
Nor time, nor place my loue shall seuer,
But faithfull still I will perseuer,
Like constant marble stone,
Louing but you alone.

But if you fauour moe than mee,
(Who loue thee still, and none but thee.)
If others doe the Harueſt gaine
That's due to me for all my paine.
If that you loue to range,
And oft to choppe and change:
Then get you some new-fangled Mate,
My doating Loue shall turne to Hate,
Esteeming you (though too too late)
Not worth a pebble stone,
Louing not me alone.

A Prosopopœia: Wherein his Hart speakes to his second Ladies Breast.

Dare not in my masters bosome rest,
That flaming *Etna* would to Ashes burne mee:
or dare I harbour in his Mistris breast,
he frosty Clymate into yce would turne mee:
So, both from her and him I do retyre mee,
Lest th'one should freeze me, & the other fire me.

/ing'd with true Loue, I flie to this sweet Brest,
/hose Snow, I hope, wil cool but t'yce not turn me:
/here fire and snow, I trust, so tempred rest,
s gentle heate will warme, and yet not burne mee:
But (O deere Breast) from thee Ile ne're retire me,
Whether thou cool, or warm, or freeze, or fire me.

Ode VI.

Vpon her giuing him backe the Paper wherein the former Song was written, as though it had beene an answere thereunto.

Lady of matchlesse beauty;
/hen into your sweet Bosome I deliuered
paper, with wan lookes, and hand that quiuered
Twixt hope, feare, loue, and duety;

Thought

Thought you it nothing elſe contain'd,
But written words in Ryme reſtraind?
O then your thought abuſed was, (wa
My Hart cloſe wrapt therein, into your Breſt infuſe

When you that Scroule reſtor'de me,
With grateful words, kind grace, & ſmiling merrily
My breſt did ſwell with ioy, ſuppoſing verily,
You, anſwer did afford mee.
But finding only that I writt,
I hop't to finde my Hart in it:
But you my hope abuſed had,
And poiſon of Diſpaire in ſtead thereof infuſed had

Why, why did you torment mee,
With giuing back my humble Rymes ſo hatefully
You ſhould haue kept both hart & paper gratefully;
Or both you ſhould haue ſent mee.
Hope you my Hart thence to remoue
By ſcorning mee, my Lines, my Loue?
No, no; your hope abuſed is,
Too deepe to be remou'd it in your Breſt infuſed is

O ſhall I hide or tell it?
Deere with ſo ſpotleſſe, zealous, firme Affection,
I loue your Beauty, Vertue, and perfection,
As nothing can expell it.
Scorne you my Rimes, my Loue deſpight?
Pull out my Hart, yea kill me quite
Yet will your hate abuſed bee,
For in my very ſoule, your loue & lookes infuſed be.

Ode VII.

Commendation of her Beauty, Stature, Behauiour and Witt.

Ome there are as faire to ſee too;
But by Art and not by Nature.
me as tall and goodly bee too;
it want Beauty to their ſtature.

me haue gratious kinde behauour,
t are fowle, or ſimple Creatures:
me haue witt, but want ſweet fauour,
r are proud of their good features.
Only you in Court or Citty,
Are both fayre, Tall, Kinde, and Witty.

Madrigall VI.

To her hand, vpon her giuing him her Glowe.

O Hand of all handes liuing,
The ſofteſt, moiſteſt, whiteſt,
lore skild then *Phœbus* on a Lute in running;
lore then *Minerua*, with a Needle cunning;
Then *Mercury* more wily,
In ſtealing Harts moſt ſliely.

Since

Since thou, deere Hand, in theft ſo much delighteſt,
Why fall'ſt thou now a giuing?
Ay mee! thy gifts are thefts, and with ſtrange Art,
In giuing me thy Gloue, thou ſtealſt my Hart.

MADRIGALL. VII.

Cupid proued a Fenſer.

AH *Cupid* I miſtooke thee;
I for an Archer, and no Fenſer tooke thee.
But as a Fenſer oft faines blowes and thruſts,
Where hee doth meane no harme;
Then turnes his balefull Arme,
And wounds his foe whereas hee leaſt miſtruſts:
So thou with fencing Art,
Fayning to wound mine Eyes, haſt hit my hart.

SONNET VIII.

Vpon her commending (though most vndeseruedly) his Verses to his first Loue.

pRaise you those barren Rimes long since cõposed?
Which my great Loue, her greater Cruelty,
My constant faith, her false Inconstancy,
My praiseles stile, her o're-praisd worth disclosed.
O if I lou'd a scornefull Dame so deerely;
If my wilde yeeres did yeeld so firme affection;
If her Moon-beams, short of your Suns perfectiõ,
Taught my hoars Muse to sing (as you say) cleerly
How much, how much should I loue & adore you,
(Diuinest Creature) if you deign'd to loue me:
What beauty, fortune, time should euer moue me
In these staid yeeres to like aught els before you?
And O! how should my Muse, by you inspired,
Make Heauen & Earth resound your praise admired.

MADRIGALL

MADRIGAL VIII.

Hee compares himselfe to a Candle-flie.

LIke to the seely flie,
To the deere light I flie
Of your disdainfull Eyes,
But in a diuerse wise.
Shee with the flame doth play
By night alone; and I both night and day.
Shee to a Candle runnes;
I to a light, far brighter then the Sunne's.
Shee neere at hand is fyred;
I both neere hand, and far-away retyred.
She fondly thinkes, nor dead, nor burnt to bee,
But I my burning, and my death foresee.

MADRIGAL IX.

Answere to her question, what loue was.

IF I behold your Eyes,
Loue is a Paradize.
But if I veiw my Hart,
Ti's an infernall smart.

Ode VIII.

That all other Creatures haue their abiding in heauen, hell, earth, ayre, water, or fire; but he in all of them.

IN Heau'n the bleſſed Angels haue their beeing;
In hel the Fiends appointed to damnation.
To men and beaſts Earth yeelds firme habitation:
The wing'd Muſitians in the Aire are fleeing.
With finnes the people gliding,
Of Water haue th'enioying.
In Fire (all elſe deſtroying.)
The Salamander findes a ſtrange abiding:
But I, poore wretch, ſince I did firſt aſpier,
To loue your beauty, Beauties all excelling,
Haue my ſtrange diuerſe dwelling,
In heau'n, hell, earth, water, ayre, and Fier.

Mine Eare, while you do ſing, in Heau'n remaineth
My mind in hell, through hope & feares contention
Earth holds my droſſy wit and dull inuention.
Th'ill foode of airie ſighes my life ſuſtaineth.
To ſtreames of teares ſtil flowing
My weeping Eies are turned.
My conſtant Heart is burned
In quenchleſſe fire within my boſome glowing.
O foole, no more, no more ſo high aſpier;
In Heau'n is no beauty more excelling,
In Hell no ſuch pride dwelling,
Nor heart ſo hard in earth, ayre, water, fier.

MADRIGAL X.

Vpon his timerous ſilence in her preſence.

ARE Louers full of fier?
How comes it then my Verſes are ſo colde?
And how, when I am nie her,
And fit occaſion wills me to be bolde,
The more I burne, the more I do deſier,
The leſſe I dare requier?
Ah Loue! this is thy wondrous Art,
To freeze the tongue, and fire the hart.

MADRIGAL XI.

Vpon her long Abſence.

IF this moſt wretched and infernall Anguiſh,
Wherin ſo long your abſence makes me languiſh
My vitall ſpirits ſpending,
Do not worke out my ending.
Nor yet your long-expected ſafe returning,
To heau'nly ioy my helliſh torments turning,
With ioy ſo ouer-fill me,
As preſently it kill mee;
I wil conclude, hows'euer Schooles deceaue a man
No Ioy, nor Sorrow, can of life bereaue a man.

Vpon seeing his Face in her Eie.

FAireſt and kindeſt of all woman-kinde:
Since you did me the vndeſerued grace,
In your faire Eye to ſhew me my bad face,
With loane Ile pay you in the ſelfe ſame kinde;
Looke in mine Eie, and I will ſhew to you,
The faireſt face that Heau'ns Eie doth view.

But the ſmall worthleſſe Glaſſe of my dimme Eie,
Scarce ſhewes the Picture of your heau'nly face,
Which yet each ſlighteſt turne doth ſtrait deface.
But could, O could you once my Heart eſpie,
Your forme at large you there engrav'd ſhould ſee,
Which, nor by Time, nor Death can razed bee.

MADRIGAL XII.

Vpon her hiding her face fom him.

GOE wayling Accents, goe,
With my warm teares & ſcalding teares attended,
To th' Author of my woe,
And humbly aske her, why ſhe is offended.
Say, Deere, why hide you ſo,
From him your bleſſed Eyes,

Where

Where he beholdes his earthly Paradiſe,
Since he hides not from you
His heart, wherein Loues heau'n you may view?

MADRIGAL XIII.

Vpon her Beauty and Inconſtancie.

Whoſoeuer longs to trie,
Both Loue and Iealouſie,
My faire vnconſtant Ladie let him ſee,
And he will ſoone a iealous Louer bee.

Then he by proofe ſhall knowv,
As I doe to my woe,
How they make my poore heart at once to dwell,
In fire and froſt, in heau'n and in hell.

A Dialogue betweene a Louers flaming Heart, and his Ladies frozen Breast.

Hart Shut not (ſweet Breaſt) to ſee me all of fire.
Breast Flie not (deere Hart) to find me al of ſnowe.
Hart Thy ſnow inflames theſe flames of my deſire.
Breast And I deſire, Deſiers ſweet flames to know.
Hart Thy Snow n'ill hurt me.
Breast Nor thy Fire will harme me.
Hart This cold will coole me.
Breast And this heate wil warme me.

Hart Take this chaſte fire to that pure virgin ſnow
B. Being now thus warm'd, I le n'ere ſeek other fire
H Thou giu'ſt more bliſ thã mortal harts may know
Breast More bliſſe I take than Angells can deſire.

Both together
Let one griefe harme vs;
And let one ioy fill vs:
Let one loue warme vs;
And let one death kill vs.

ELEGIE. III.

For what cauſe he obtaines not his Ladies fauour.

Deere, why hath my long loue, and faith vnfained,
At your faire hands no grace at all obtained?

Iſt, that my Locke-hol'd face doth beauty lacke?
No: Your ſweet Sex, ſweet beauty praiſeth;
Ours, wit and valour chiefly raiſeth.
Iſt, that my musk-leſſe cloaths are plaine & blacke?
No: What wiſe Ladie loues fine noddies,
With poore-clad mindes, and rich-clad bodies?
Iſt, that no coſtly gifts mine Agents are?
No: My true Heart which I preſent you,
Should more than golde or pearle content you.
Iſt, That my Verſes want inuention rare?
No: I was neuer skilfull Poet,
I truely loue, and plainely ſhow it.
Iſt, That I vaunt, or am effeminate?
O ſcornefull vices! I abhorre you,
Dwell ſtill in Court, the place fit for you.
Iſt, That you feare my loue ſoone turnes to hate?
No: Tho ugh diſdain'd, I can hate neuer,
But lou'd, where once I loue, loue euer.

Iſt,

Ist, That your fauours iealous Eies suppresse?
No: onely Virtue neuer-sleeping,
Hath your faire Mindes and Bodies keeping.
Ist, That to many moe I loue profesle?
Goddesse, you haue my Hearts oblation,
And no Saint else lippes inuocation.

No, none of these: The cause I now discouer;
No woman loues a faithfull worthy Louer.

A Quatrain.

IF you reward my loue with loue againe,
My blisse, my life, my heau'n I will deeme you,
But if you prowdly quite it with disdaine,
My curse, my death, my hell I must esteeme you.

SONNET IX.

To a worthy Lord (now dead) vpon presenting him for a New-yeers-gift, with Cæsars Commentaries and Cornelius Tacitus.

WOrthily, famous Lord, whose Virtues rare,
Set in the golde of neuer-stain'd Nobilitie,
And noble minde shining in true humilitie,
Make you admir'de of all that vertuous are:
fas your Sword with enuy imitates
Great *Cæsars* Sword in all his deedes victorious,
So your learn'd Pen would striue to be glorious,
And write your Acts perform'd in forrein States;
Or if some one with the deepe wit inspir'd,
Of matchles *Tacitus* would them historifie,
Thē *Cæsars* works so much we should not glorifie,
And *Tacitus* would be much lesse desir'd.
ut till your selfe, or some such put them forth,
ccept of these as Pictures of your worth.

To

To SAMVEL DANIEL *Prince of English Poets.*

Vpon his three seuerall sortes of Poesie,

Liricall, in his Sonnets.
Tragicall, in Rosamond and Cleopatra.
Heroicall, in his Ciuill Warres.

O *Lympiaes* matchlesse Son, whenas he knew
How many crowns his fathers sword had gaind,
With smoaking sighs, and deep-fetcht sobs did rew,
And his braue cheekes with scalding teares bedew,
Because that kingdomes now so few remain'd,
By his victorious Arme to bee obtain'd.

So (Learned *Daniel*) when as thou didst see,
That *Spenser* erst so far had spred his fame,
That hee was Monark deem'd of Poesie,
Thou didst (I gesse) eu'n burne with Iealousie,
Lest Lawrell were not left enough to frame,
A neast sufficient for thine endlesse Name.

But as that Pearle of *Greece*, soone after past
In wondrous conquests his renowned sire,
And others all, whose names by Fame are plac'te
In highest seate: So hath thy Muse surpast
Spenser, and all that doe with hot desire,
To the Thunder-scorning Lawrel-crown aspire

An

And as his Empires linked force was knowne,
When each of thoſe that did his Kingdoms ſhare,
The mighti'ſt Kings in might did match alone:
So of thy skill the greatnes thus is ſhowne,
That each of thoſe, great Poets deemed are,
Who may in no one kinde with thee compare.

One ſharde out *Greece*, another *Aſia* held,
And fertile *Egypt* to a third did fall,
But only *Alexander* all did wield.
So in ſoft pleaſing Liricks ſome are skild,
In Tragicke ſome, ſome in Heroicall,
But thou alone art matchleſſe in them all.

Non equidem inuideo, miror magis

Three Epitaphs vpon the death of a rare Child of six yeares old.

1

WIts perfection, Beauties wonder,
Natures pride, the Graces treasure,
Vertues hope, his friends sole pleasure,
This small Marble Stone lies vnder.
Which is often moyst with teares,
For such losse in such yong yeares.

2

Louely Boy, thou art not dead,
but from Earth to Heauen fled,
For base Earth was far vnfit,
For thy Beautie, Grace, and Wit.

3

Thou aliue on Earth sweete Boy,
Had'st an Angels wit, and face:
And now dead, thou dost enioy
In high Heauen an Angels place.

An Inſcription for the Statue of DIDO.

) moſt vnhappy DIDO,
nhappy Wife, and more vnhappy Widow!
nhappy in thy Mate,
nd in thy Louer moſt vnfortunate.
y treaſon th'one was reft thee,
y treaſon th'other left thee.
hat left thee meanes to flie with,
his left thee meanes to die with.
he former being dead,
om Brothers ſword thou flieſt;
e latter being fled,
n Louers ſword thou dieſt.

Piu meritare, che conſeguire.

FRA. DAVISON

SONNET. I.

Hee demaunds pardon, for looking, louing, and writing.

LEt not (ſweet Saint) let not theſe lines offend you,
Nor yet the Meſſage that theſe lines imparte;
The Meſſage my vnfained Loue doth ſend you,
Loue, which your ſelfe hath planted in my harte.
For beeing charm'd by the bewitching arte
Of thoſe inveagling graces which attend you,
Loues holy fire makes mee breathe out in parte,
The neuer-dying flames my breſt doth lend you.
Then if my Lines offend, let Loue be blamed.
And if my Loue diſpleaſe, accuſe mine Eies,
If mine Eies ſinne, their ſinnes cauſe onely lies
On your brite eies, which haue my hart inflamed
Since eies, loue, lines, erre then by your direction;
Excuſe mine Eies, my Lines, and my Affection.

SONNET.

SONNET. II.

Loue in Iuſtice punniſhable only with like Loue.

BVt if my Lines may not be held excuſed,
Nor yet my Loue finde fauour in your Eyes,
But that your Eyes as Iudges ſhall be vſed,
Euen of the fault which frō themſelues doth riſe
Yet this my humble ſuite do not deſpiſe,
Let mee bee iudged as I ſtand accuſed,
If but my fault my doome doe equaliſe,
What er'e it bee, it ſhal not be refuſed.
And ſince my Loue already is expreſſed,
And that I cannot ſtand vpon deniall,
I freely ~~put my~~ ſelfe vpon my triall,
Let Iuſtice doome mee as I haue confeſſed.
For in my Doome if Iuſtice bee regarded,
My Loue with Loue againe ſhall bee rewarded.

SONNI

SONET. III.

Hee calls his Eares, Eyes, and Hart as witneſſes of her ſweet voyce, beauty, and inward vertuous perfections.

FAyre is thy face, and great thy wits perfection,
So fayre alas, ſo hard to bee expreſt,
That if my tyred pen ſhould neuer reſt,
It ſhould not blaze thy worth, but my affection.
Yet let me ſay, the Muſes make election
Of your pure minde, there to erect their neaſt,
And that your face is ſuch a flint-hard breaſt,
By force thereof, without force feeles ſubiection.
Witnes mine Eare, rauiſht when you it heares,
Witneſſe mine Eyes rauiſht when you they ſee,
Beauty and Vertue, witneſſe Eyes and Eares,
In you (ſweet Saint) haue equall ſouraingntie.
But if, nor Eyes, nor Eares, can prooue it true,
Witneſſe my Hart, their's none that equalls you.

Sonnet. V.

Prayse of her Eyes, excelling all Comparisons.

I Bend my wit, but wit cannot deuise,
Words fit to blaze the worth, your Eies cõtains,
Whose nameles woorth their worthles name dis-
For they in worth exceed the name of eies. (dains
Eyes they be not, but worldes in which these lies,
More blisse then this wide world besides cõtains;
Worlds they be not, but starres, whose influence
Ouer my Life and Lifes felicities. (raignes,
Stars they bee not, but Suns, whose presence driues
Darknes from night, and doth bright day impart;
Suns they be not, which outward heate deriues,
But these do inwardly inflame my hart.
Since then in Earth, nor Heau'n, they equal'd are,
I must confesse they be beyond compare.

Ode I.

His Lady to bee condemned of Ignorance or Crueltie.

AS ſhee is faire, ſo faithfull I,
My ſeruice ſhee, her grace I merit,
Her beautie doth my Loue inherit,
But Grace ſhee doth deny.
O knowes ſhee not how much I loue?
Or doth knowledge in her moue
No ſmall Remorce?
For the guilt thereof muſt lie
Vpon one of theſe of force,
Her Ignorance, or Cruelty

As ſhee is faire, ſo cruell ſhee.
I ſowe true loue, but reape diſdaining;
Her pleaſure ſpringeth from my paining,
Which Pities ſource ſhould bee.
Too well ſhee knowes how much I loue,
Yet doth knowledge in her moue,
No ſmall remorce.
Then the guilt thereof muſt lie
Vpon this alone of force,
Her vndeſerued Cruelty.

As ſhee is faire, ſo were ſhee kinde:
Or beeing cruel, could I wauer,
Soone ſhould I, either win her fauer,
Or a new Miſtreſſe finde.

But neyther out alas may bee,
Scorne in her, and loue in mee,
So fixed are.
Yet in whom moſt blame doth lie
Iudge ſhee may, if ſhee compare
My loue vnto her Crueltie.

SONNET VI.

Contention of Loue and Reaſon for his Hart.

REaſon and Loue lately at ſtrife, contended,
Whoſe Right it was to haue my minds protectiō,
Reaſon on his ſide, Natures wil pretended,
Loues Title was, my Miſtreſſe rare perfection.
Of power to ende this ſtrife, each makes election,
Reaſons pretence diſcourſiue thoughts defended;
But loue ſoon broght thoſe thoghts into ſubiectiō
By Beauties troopes, which on my ſaint depended.
Yet, ſince to rule the minde was Reaſons dutie,
On this Condition it by loue was rendred,
That endles Praiſe by Reaſon ſhould be tendred,
As a due Tribute to her conquering Beautie.
Reaſon was pleaſde withall, and to loues Royalty,
He pledg'de my Hart, as Hoſtage for his Loyalty.

SONNET

SONNET IIII.

That she hath greater power ouer his happines and life, then either Fortune, Fate, or Starres.

LEt Fate, my Fortune, and my Starres conspire,
Iovntly to poure on me their worst disgrace;
So I be graeious in your heauenly Face,
I wey not Fates, nor Starres, nor Fortunes yre.
T'is not the influence of Heauens Fire,
Hath power to make me blessed in my Race,
Nor in my happinesse hath Fortune place,
Nor yet can Fate my poore lifes date expyre.
T'is your faire Eyes (my Starres) all blisse doo giue,
Tis your disdaine (my Fate) hath power to kill,
T'is you (my Fortune) make me happy liue,
Though Fortune, Fate, & Stars conspyre mine ill.
Then (blessed Saint) into your fauour take mee,
Fortune, nor Fate, nor Stars can wretched make me.

SONNET. VII.

Of his Ladies weeping.

WHat need I say, how it doth wound my breſt,
By fate to bee thus baniſht from thine Eyes,
Since your own Tears with me doo Sympathize,
Pleading with ſlow departure there to reſt?
For when with floods of teares they were oppreſt,
Ouer thoſe Iuory banks they did not riſe,
Till others enuying their felicities,
did preſſe thē forth, that they might there be bleſt.
Some of which, Teares preſt forth by violence,
Your lippes with greedy kiſſing ſtrait did drinke:
And other ſome vnwilling to part thence,
Inamourd on your cheekes in them did ſincke.
And ſome which from your Face were forc'd away,
In ſigne of Loue did on your Garments ſtay.

SONNET.

Sonnet. VIII.

Hee paints out his Torments.

SWeet, to my curſed life ſome fauour ſhowe,
Or let me not (accurſt) in life remaine,
Let not my Senſes ſence of life retaine,
Since ſence doth only yeeld mee ſence of woe.
For nowv mine Eyes only your frownes doo knowv;
Mine Eeares heare nothing els but your diſdaine,
My lips taſte nought but teares: and ſmel is paine,
Baniſht your lips, where *Indian* Odours growv.
And my deuoted Hart your Beauties ſlaue,
Feeles nought but ſcorne, oppreſſion, & diſtreſſe,
Made eu'n of wretchednes the wretched Caue,
Nay, too too wretched for vilde wretchedneſſe.
For euen ſad ſighes, as loathing there to reſt,
Struggle for paſſage from my Greefe-ſwolne breſt.

Ode II.

A dialogue betweene him and his Hart.

AT her faire hands how haue I grace intreated,
With prayers oft repeated,
Yet ſtill my loue is thwarted:
Hart let her goe, for ſhee'le not be conuarted.
Say, ſhal ſhee goe?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
Shee is moſt faire, though ſhee be marble harted.

How often haue my ſighs declar'de mine anguiſh?
Wherein I dayly languiſh,
Yet doth ſhee ſtill procure it:
Hart let her goe, for I can not endure it.
Say, ſhal ſhee goe?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
Shee gaue the wound, and ſhee alone muſt cure it.

The trickling tears that down my cheeks haue flow-(ed,
My loue haue often ſhowed;
Yet ſtill vnkind I proue her:
Hart, let her goe, for nought I do can moue her.
Say, ſhal ſhee goe?
Oh no, no, no no, no.
Though mee ſhee hate, I can not chuſe but loue her.

But

But ſhall I ſtill a true affection owe her,
Which prayers, ſighs, teares do ſhew her;
And ſhall ſhee ſtill diſdaine mee?
Hart, let her goe, if they no grace can gaine mee.
Say, ſhal ſhee goe?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
Shee made mee hers, and hers ſhee will retaine mee

But if the Loue that hath, and ſtill doth burne mee,
No loue at length returne mee,
Out of my thoughts Ile ſet her:
Hart, let her goe, oh hart, I pray thee let her;
Say, ſhal ſhee goe?
Oh no, no, no, no, no:
Fixt in the hart, how can the hart forget her.

But if I weepe and ſigh, and often waile mee,
Till teares, ſighes, prayers fayle mee,
Shall yet my Loue perſeuer?
Hart, let her goe, if ſhee will right thee neuer.
Say, ſhal ſhee goe?
Oh no, no, no, no., no
Teares, ſighs, praiers faile, but true loue laſteth eue

SONNET. IX.

His Sighes and Teares are bootleſſe.

I Haue entreated, and I haue complained,
I haue diſprays'd, and prayſe I like wiſe gaue,
All meanes to win her Grace I tryed haue,
And ſtill I loue, and ſtill I am diſdained.
So long I haue my Tongue and Pen conſtrained,
To praiſe, diſpraiſe, complaine, and pitty craue,
That now, nor Tongue, nor Pen, to me her ſlaue
Remaines, whereby her Grace may be obtained.
Yet you (my Sighs) may purchace mee releeſe,
And yee (my Teares) her rocky hart may moue;
Therefore my ſighes ſigh in her eares my greeſe,
And in her Hart my Teares imprint my Loue.
But ceaſe vaine ſighes, ceaſe ceaſe yee fruitles teares,
Teares cannot pierce her Hart, nor ſighes hir Eares.

SONNET. X.

Her Beautie makes him loue, euen in despaire.

WOunded with Greefe, I weepe, & ſigh, & plaine,
Yet neither plaints, nor ſighs, nor tears do good;
But all in vaine I ſtriue againſt the flood,
Gaining but greefe for greefe, & paine for paine.
Yet though in vaine my teares my cheekes diſtain;
Leauing ingrauen Sorrow where they ſtood;
And though my ſighs conſuming vp my blood,
For Loue deſeru'd, reape vndeſeru'd Diſdaine:
And though in vaine I know I beg remorce
At your remorceleſſe harte, more hard then ſteele;
Yet, ſuch (alas) ſuch is your Beauties force,
Charming my Sence, that though this hell I feele,
Though neither plaints, nor ſighs, nor tears cā moue
Yet muſt I ſtill perſiſt euer to loue you. (you,

SON-

Sonnet XI.

Why her Lips yeeld him no words of Comfort.

OFt doo I plaine, and ſhee my plants doth reede
Which in black colors do paint forth my, wo
So that offorce ſhe muſt my ſorrow knowv;
And knowv, for her diſdaine my hart doth bleede.
And knowledge muſt of Force ſome pitty breede,
Which makes me hope, ſhe vvil ſome fauour ſhovv
And from her ſugred lippes cauſe comfort flovve
Into mine Eares, my hart with ioy to feede.
Yet though ſhe reads, and reading knovves my griefe,
And knowledge moues her pitie my diſtreſſe,
Yet do her lips, ſvveet lips, yeeld no releefe.
Much do I muſe, but find no cauſe but this,
That in her lips, her heauenly lips that bliſſe them,
Her words loth thence to part, ſtay there to kiſſe thé.

SONNET. XII.

Compariſon of his Hart to a Tempeſt-beaten Ship.

LIke a Sea-toſſed Barke with tackling ſpent,
And Starres obſcur'd his watry iornies guide
By lowd tempeſtuous windes and raging tide,
From waue to waue with dreadfull fury ſent,
Fares my poore Hart; my Hart-ſtrings being rent,
And quite diſabled your fierce wrath to bide,
Since your faire eies my Stars thẽſelues do hide
Clouding their light in frownes and diſcontent.
For from your frowns do ſpring my ſighes & teares
Teares flow like ſeas, & ſighes like winds do bloe
Whoſe ioyned rage moſt violently beares
My Tempeſt-beaten hart from woe to woe.
And if your Eyes ſhine not that I may ſhun it,
On Rocke, deſpaire, my ſighes, and teares wil run it

SONNET

ELEGIE.

To his Lady, who had vowed Virginitie.

EV'N as my hand my Pen on Paper laies,
My trembling hand my Pen from Paper ſtaies,
eſt that thine eies which ſhining made me loue you
Should frowning on my ſute, bid ceaſe to moue you,
So that I fare like one at his wits end,
Hoping to gaine, and fearing to offend.
I What pleaſeth Hope, the ſame Diſpaire miſlikes,
What hope ſets down, thoſe lines deſpair outſtrikes,
So that my nurſing-murthering Pen affords,
A Graue and Cradle to my new-borne words.
SBut whil'ſt like clowds toſſt vp and downe the ayre,
I Cracked hang twixt Hope and ſadde Deſpaire,
Deſpaire is beaten vanquiſht from the field,
And vnto conq'ring Hope my Hart doth yeeld.
IV
For when mine eies vnpartially are fixed,
On thy Roſe cheekes with Lillies intermixed,
And on thy forehead like a cloude of ſnow,
BFrom vnder which thine eies like Sunnes do ſhow,
TAnd all thoſe partes which curiouſly do meete,
Twixt thy large-ſpreading haire and pretty feete,
Yet looking on them all, diſcerne no one,
I That owes not homage vnto *Cupids* Throne;
Then Chaſtitie (me thinkes) no claime ſhould lay
To this faire Realme, vnder Loues Scepters ſway.
For onely to the Queene of amorous pleaſure
Belongs thy Beauties tributary treaſure;
Treaſure, which doth more than thoſe riches pleaſe

For

For which men plow long furrowes in the Seas.)
If you were wrinckled olde, or Natures ſcorne,
Or time your beauties colours had out-worne;
Or were you mewed vp from gazing eies,
Like to a cloyſtred Nunne, which liuing, dies:
Then might you waite on Chaſtities pale Queene,
Not being faire, or being faire, not ſeene.
But you are faire, ſo paſſing paſſing faire,
That loue I muſt, though louing I deſpaire,
For when I ſaw your eies (O curſed bliſſe!)
Whoſe light I would not laue, nor yet would miſſe,
(For tis their light alone by which I liue,
And yet their ſight alone my deaths wound giue.)
Looking vpon your heart-entangling looke,
I like a heedeleſſe Bird was ſnar'de and tooke.
It lies not in our will to hate or loue,
For Natures influence our will doth moue.
And loue of Beauty Nature hath innated,
In Harts of men when firſt they were created.
For eu'n as Riuers to the Ocean runne,
Returning backe, from whence they firſt begunne:
Or as the Skie about the Earth doth wheele,
Or giddy ayre like to a Drunkard reele,
So with the courſe of Nature doth agree,
That Eies which Beauties Adamant do ſee,
Should on Affections line trembling remayne,
True-ſubiect-like eying their Soueraigne.

If of mine Eies you alſo could bereaue me,
As you already of my hart deceiue me,
Or could ſhut vp my rauiſht eares, through which

You likewiſe did m'inchaunted Heart bewitch,
Or had in Abſence both theſe illes combinde;
(For by your Abſence I am deafe and blinde,
And, neither Eares, nor Eies in aught delight,
But in your charming ſpeach, and gratious ſight)
To roote out Loue all meanes you can inuent,
Were all but labour loſt, and time ill ſpent,
For as the ſparkes being ſpent, which fier procure,
The fire doth brightly-burning ſtill endure:
Though Abſence ſo your ſparkling Eies remoue,
My Hart ſtill burnes in endles flames of Loue.

Then ſtriue not gainſt the ſtreame, to none effect,
But let due Loue yeeld Loue a due reſpect.
Nor ſeeke to ruine what your ſelfe begunne,
Or looſe a Knot that cannot be vndone.
But vnto *Cupids* bent conforme your will,
For will you, nill you, I muſt loue you ſtil.
But if your Will did ſwimme with Reaſons tide,
Or followed Natures neuer-erring guide,
It cannot chuſe but bring you vnto this,
To tender that which by you gotten is.
Why were you faire to be beſought of many,
If you liue chaſte, not to be wonne of any?
For if that Nature loue to Beautie offers,
And Beauty ſhunne the loue that Nature proffers
Then, either vniuſt Beauty is too blame,
With ſcorne to quench a lawfull kindled flame,
Or elſe vnlawfully if loue we muſt,
And be vnlou'de, then Nature is vniuſt.
Vniuſtly then Nature hath heartes created,

There to loue moſt, where moſt their loue is hated,
And flattering them with a faire-ſeeming ill,
To poyſon them with Beauties ſugred Pill.

Thinke you that Beauties admirable worth
Was to no end, or idle end brought forth?
No, no; from Nature neuer deede did paſſe,
But it by wiſedomes hand ſubſcribed was.
But you in vaine are faire, if faire, not viewed,
Or being ſeene, mens hearts be not ſubdewed,
Or making each mans heart your Beauties thrall,
You be enioyed of no one at all.
For as the Lions ſtrength to ſeize his pray,
And fearefull Hares light foote to runne away,
Are as an idle Talent but abuſed,
And fruitleſſe had, if had, they be not vſed,
So you in vaine haue Beauties bonds to ſhow,
By which, mens Eies engaged Hearts do owe,
If Time ſhall cancell them before you gaine
Th'indebted Tribute to your Beauties raigne.

But if (theſe Reaſons being vainely ſpent)
You fight it out to the laſt Argument;
Tell me but how one Body can encloſe,
As louing friends two deadly hating foes.
But when as Contraries are mixt together,
The colour made, doth differ much from either.
Whil'ſt mutually at ſtrife they doe impeach
The gloſſe and luſtre proper vnto each.
So, where one body ioyntly doth inueſt
An Angells face, and cruell Tygres breſt,

There dieth both Allegeance and Command,
For ſelf-deuided kingdomes cannot ſtand.
But as a Child that knowes not what is what,
Now craueth this, and now affecteth that,
And hauing, weyes not that which he requires,
But is vnpleaſde, euen in his pleaſde deſires:
Chaſte Beauty ſo, both will, and will not haue,
The ſelf-ſame thing it childiſhly doth craue:
And wanton-like, now Loue, now Hate affecteth,
And Loue, or Hate obtain'd as faſt neglecteth.
So (like the Webb *Penelope* did weaue,
Which made by day, ſhee did at night vnreaue)
Fruitleſſe Affections endleſſe threede is ſpunne,
At one ſelfe inſtant twiſted, and vndone.
Nor yet is this chaſte Beauties greateſt ill,
For where it ſpeaketh faire, it there doth kill.
A Marble hart vnder an amorous looke,
Is of a flattering baite the murthering hooke:
For from a Ladies ſhining-frowning Eyes,
Deaths ſable Darte, and *Cupids* Arrow flies.

Since then, from Chaſtity and Beauty ſpring,
Such muddy ſtreams, where each doth raign as king;
Let Tyrant Chaſtities vſurped Throane,
Bee made the ſeate of Beauties grace alone;
And let your Beauty bee with this ſuffiz'd,
That my harts Cittie is by it ſurpriz'd:
Raze not my Hart, nor to your Beauty raiſe,
Blood-guilded Trophees of your Beauties praiſe;
For wiſeſt Conquerors doo Townes deſire,
On honourable termes and not with fyre.

SON-

SONNET. XIII.

That he cannot leaue to loue, though commanded.

HOw can my Loue in equitie bee blamed,
Still to importune though it ne'r obtayne;
Since though her face and voice will me refraine,
Yet by her Voyce and Face I am inflamed?
For when (alas) her face with frownes is framed,
To kill my Loue, but to reuiue my payne;
And when her voice commands, but all in vayne,
That loue both leaue to be, and to bee named.
Her *Syren* voyce doth such enchantment moue,
And though she frown, eu'n frowns so louely make her.
That I of force am forced still to loue;
Since then I must, and yet can not forsake her,
My fruitles praiers shall cease in vaine to moue her,
But my deuoted Hart ne're cease to moue her.

SON-

SONNET. XIIII.

He desires leaue to write of his Loue.

MVst my deuoted Heart desist to loue her?
No, loue I may, but I may not confesse it.
What harder thing than loue, and yet depresse it?
Loue most conceal'd, doth most it selfe discouer.
Had I no pen to shew that I approue her,
Were I tongue-tide that I might not addresse it,
In Plaints and Prayr'es vnfained to expresse it,
Yet could I not my deepe affection couer.
Had I no pen, my very teares would show it,
Which write my true affection in my face.
Were I tong-tide, my sighs wold make her know it,
Which witnes that I grieue at my disgrace.
Since then, though silent, I my loue discouer,
O let my pen haue leaue to say, I loue her!

Quid pluma leuius? Puluis. Quid puluere? Ventus.
Quid vento? Mulier. Quid muliere? Nihil.

Translated thus;

DVst is lighter than a Feather,
And the Winde more light than eather.
But a Womans fickle minde,
More than Feather, Dust, or Winde.

W. D.

SONETS, ODES, ELEGIES and other POESIES.

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

ANOMOS.

F.12

III. Sonnets for a Proeme to the Poems following.

That Loue onely made him a Poet, and that all ſortes of Verſes, both in Rime and Meaſure, agree with his Lady.

Sonnet I.

SOme men, they ſay, are Poets borne by kinde,
And ſuck that ſcience from their mothers breſt:
An eaſie Arte that comes with ſo great reſt,
And happy men to ſo good hap aſſignde.
In ſome, deſire of praiſe enflames the minde,
To clime with paine *Parnaſſus* double creſt:
Some, hope of rich Rewardes hath ſo poſſeſt,
That Gold, in Caſtall Sands they ſeeke to finde.
Me, neither Nature hath a Poet made,
Nor loue of Glory mou'de to learne the trade,
Nor thirſt of Golde perſwaded for to write;
For Natures graces are too fine for mee,
Praiſe like the Peacockes pride her ſelfe to ſee,
Deſire of Gaine the baſeſt mindes delight.

SONNET. II.

WHat mou'd me then? ſay Loue, for thou cãſt tel;
Of thee I learn'd this skill, if skill I haue:
Thou knowſt the Muſe, whoſe help I alwais craue
Is none of thoſe that on *Parnaſſus* dwell.
My Muſe is ſuch as doth them all excell,
They all to her alone their cunning gaue,
To ſing, to dance, to play, to make ſo braue;
Thrice threefold Graces her alone befell.
From her do flow the ſtreames that water mee,
Hers is the praiſe, if I a Poet bee;
Her only looke both will and skill doth giue.
What maruaile then if I thoſe lawes refuſe,
Which other Poets in their making vſe,
Since by her lookes I write, by which I liue?

SONNET.

Sonnet. III.

THus am I free from lawes that other binde,
Who diuerse verse to diuerse matter frame;
All kinde of Stiles doo serue my Ladies name,
What they in all the world, in her I finde.
The lofty Verse doth shew her noble minde,
By which shee quencheth Loues enraged flame,
Sweet Liricks sing her heauenly beauties fame,
The tender Elege speakes her pitty kinde.
In mournefull Tragicke Verse for her I die,
In Comicke shee reuiues me with her eye,
All serue my Goddesse both for mirth and mone,
Each looke she casts doth breede both peace & strife,
Ech word she speakes doth cause both death & life,
Out of my selfe I liue in her alone.

Ode I.

Where his Lady keepes his hart.

SWeete Loue, mine only treaſure
For ſeruice long vnfained,
Wherein I nought haue gained,
Vouchſafe this little pleaſure,
To tell mee in what parte,
My Lady keepes my Harte.

If in her haire ſo ſlender,
Like golden nets vntwined,
Which fire and art haue fined,
Her thrall my hart I render,
For euer to abide
With locks ſo dainty tide.

If in her Eyes ſhee binde it,
Wherein that fire was framed,
By which it is inflamed,
I dare not looke to finde it;
I only wiſh it ſight,
To ſee that pleaſant light.

But if her Breaſt haue dained
With kindnes to receiue it,
I am content to leaue it,
Though death thereby were gained;
Then Lady take your owne,
That liues for you alone.

To her Eyes.

FAine would I learne of thee thou murth'ring Eie,
Whether thy glance bee fire, or elſe a dart:
For with thy looke in flames thou mak'ſt mee frie,
And with the ſame thou ſtrik'ſt mee to the hart.
Pierſt with thy lookes I burne in fire,
And yet thoſe lookes I ſtill deſire.

The flie that buzzeth round about the flame
Knowes not(poore Soule)ſhe gets her death therby,
I ſee my death, and ſeeing, ſeeke the ſame,
And ſeeking, finde, and finding, chuſe to die.
That when thy lookes my life haue ſlaine,
Thy lookes may giue mee life againe.

Turne then to mee thoſe ſparkling Eyes of thine,
And with their firy glances pierce my hart.
Quench not my light, leſt I in darknes pine,
Strike deepe and ſpare not, pleaſant is the ſmart.
So by thy lookes my life bee ſpilt,
Kill mee as often as thou wilt.

Ode. II.

The more fauour he obtaines, the more he desires.

As soone may water wipe me drie,
And fire my heate allay,
As you with fauour of your eye,
Make hotte desire decay:
The more I haue,
The more I craue;
The more I craue, the more desire,
As piles of wood encrease the fire.

The senceless stone that from on hie
Descends to Earth below,
With greater haste it selfe doth plie,
The lesse it hath to goe:
So feeles desire
Encrease of fire,
That still with greater force doth burne,
Till all into it selfe it turne.

The greater fauour you bestow,
The sweeter my delight;
And by delight Desire doth grow,
And growing gathers might.
The lesse remaines,
The more my paines,
To see my selfe so neere the brinke,
And yet my fill I cannot drinke.

Loue the onely price of Loue.

THe faireſt Pearles that Northerne Seas do breed,
For pretious ſtones from Eaſterne coaſts are ſold.
Nought yeelds the earth that frō exchange is freed,
Gold valews all, and all things valew Gold.
Where goodnes wants an equall change to make,
There greatnes ſerues, or number place doth take.

No mortall thing can beare ſo hie a price,
But that with mortall thing it may be bought.
The corne of *Sicill* buies the weſterne ſpice,
French wine of vs, of them our cloth is ſought.
No pearles, no gold, no ſtones, no corne, no ſpice,
No cloth, no wine, for loue can pay the price.

What thing is loue, which nought can counteruaile?
Nought ſaue it ſelfe, eu'n ſuch a thing is Loue.
All worldly wealth in worth as far doth faile,
As loweſt earth doth yeeld to heau'n aboue.
Diuine is Loue, and ſcorneth worldly pelfe,
And can be bought with nothing, but with ſelfe.

Such is the price my louing heart would pay,
Such is the pay thy Loue doth claime as due.
Thy due is Loue, which I (poore I) aſſay,
In vaine aſſay to quite with friendſhip true:
True is my loue, and true ſhall euer bee,
And trueſt loue is farre too baſe for thee.

Loue but thy ſelfe, and loue thy ſelfe alone,
For ſaue thy ſelfe, none can thy loue requite:
All mine thou haſt, but all as good as none,
My ſmall deſart muſt take a lower flight.
Yet if thou wilt vouchſafe my hart ſuch blis,
Accept it for thy Priſner at it is.

His Hart arraigned of Theft, and acquitted.

MY Hart was found within my Ladies Breſt,
Cloſe coucht for feare that no mā might him ſee,
On whom ſuſpect did ſerue a ſtraight Arreſt,
And Felon-like hee muſt arraigned bee.
What could he meane ſo cloſely there to ſtay,
But by deceit to ſteale her hart away?

The Bench was ſet, the Priſoner forth was brought,
My Miſtreſſe ſelfe cheefe Iudge to heare the cauſe;
Th'Enditemēt read, by which his blood was ſought,
That he (poore hart) by ſtealth had broke the lawes:
His Plea was ſuch as each man might deſcry,
For grace and ruth were read in either Eye.

Yet forc'd to ſpeake, his farther Plea was this,
That ſore purſude by mee that ſought his blood,
Becauſe ſo oft his preſence I did mis,

Whil'ſt

Whil'ſt, as he ſaid, he labour'd for my good:
He, voyd of helpe to haue his harmes redreſt,
Tooke Sanctuary within her ſacred breſt.

The gentle Iudge that ſaw his true intent,
And that his cauſe did touch her honor neere,
Since he from me to her for ſuccour went;
That ruth may raigne, where rigour did appeere,
Gaue ſentence thus; that if he there would bide,
That place was made the guiltles hart to hide.

MADRIGAL. I.

THine Eyes ſo bright
Bereft my ſight,
When firſt I viewed thy face.
So now my light
Is turn'd to night,
I ſtray from place to place.
Then guide me of thy kindeneſſe,
So ſhall I bleſſe my blindeneſſe.

PHALEVCIAKS. I.

TIme nor place did I want, what held me tongtide?
What Charmes, what magicall abuſed Altars?
Wherefore wiſht I ſo oft that hower vnhappy,
When with freedome I might recount my torméts,
And pleade for remedy by true lamenting?
Dumbe, nay dead in a trance I ſtood amazed,
When thoſe looks I beheld that late I long'd for;
No ſpeech, no memory, no life remained,
Now ſpeech prateth apace, my griefe bewraying,
Now bootleſſe memory my plaints remembreth,
Now life moueth againe, but al auailes not.
Speech, life, and memory die altogether,
With ſpeech, life, memory, Loue onely dies not.

Deadly Sweetnes.

SWeet thoghts, the food on which I feeding ſterue,
Sweet tears, the drink that more augméts my thirſt
Sweet eies, the ſtars by which my courſe doth ſwerue
Sweet hope, my death, which waſt my life at firſt.
Sweet thoughts, ſweet teares, ſweet hope, ſweet eies,
How chance that death in ſweetnes lies?

MADRIGAL II.

Verball Loue.

IF Loue be made of words, as woods of Trees,
Who more belou'd then I?
If loue be hotte where true deſire doth freeze,
Who more then ſhe doth frie?
Are droanes that make no hony counted Bees?
Is running water drie?
Is that a gainefull trade that has no fees,
Hee liue that dead doth lie?
What elſe but blinde is he that nothing ſees,
But deafe that heares no crie?
Such is her vowed loue to mee,
Yet muſt I thinke it true to bee.

Ladies eyes, ſerue Cupid both for Darts and Fire.

OFt haue I mus'd the cauſe to finde,
Why Loue in Ladies eies doth dwell:
thought, becauſe himſelfe was blinde,
Hee lookt that they ſhould guide him well.
And ſure his hope but ſeldome failes,
For Loue by Ladies eyes preuailes.

But Time, at laſt, hath taught me wit,
Although I bought my wit full deere,
For by her Eies my heart is hit,
Deepe is the wound though none appeere,
Their glauncing beames as darts he throwes,
And ſure he hath no ſhaftes but thoſe.

I muſde to ſee their eies ſo bright,
And little thought they had beene fire;
I gazde vpon them with delight,
But that delight hath bred deſire;
What better place can Loue require,
Than that where grow both ſhafts and fire?

Loues Contrarieties.

I Smile ſometimes amids my greateſt griefe,
Not for Delight, for that long ſince is fled,
Deſpaire did ſhut the Gate againſt Releefe,
When Loue, at firſt, of death the ſentence read.
But yet I ſmile ſometimes in midſt of paine,
To thinke what toyes do toſſe my troubled head.
How moſt I wiſh, that moſt I ſhould refraine,
And ſeeke the thing that leaſt I long to finde,
And finde the wonnd by which my heart is ſlaine,
Yet want both skill and will to eaſe my minde.

Againſt my will I burne with free conſent,
I liue in paine, and in my paine delight,
I cry for death, yet am to liue content,
I hate the day, yet neuer wiſh for night;
I freeze for colde, and yet refraine the fire;
I long to ſee, and yet I ſhunne her ſight,
I ſcalde in Sunne, and yet no ſhade deſire,
I liue by death, and yet I wiſh to die,
I feele no hurte, and yet for help enquire,
I die by life, and yet my life defie.

Heu, cogor voti neſcius eſſe mei.

Ode III.

Deſire and Hope haue mou'd my minde,
To ſeeke for that I cannot finde,
Aſſured faith in woman-kinde,
And loue with loue rewarded;
Selfe-loue, all but himſelfe diſdaines,
Suſpect as chiefeſt virtue raignes,
Deſire of change vnchang'd remaines,
So light is Loue regarded.

True friendſhip is a naked name,
That idle braines in paſtime frame,
Extreames are alwayes worthy blame,
Enough is common kindnes.

What floods of teares do Louers ſpend?
What ſighes from out their hearts they ſend?
How many, may, and will not mend?
Loue is a wilfull blindneſſe.
What is the Loue they ſo deſire?
Like loue for loue, and equall fire;
Good louing wormes, which loue require,
And know not when they haue it.
Is Loue in wordes? faire wordes may faine.
Is Loue in lookes? ſweet lookes are vaine;
Both theſe in common kindnes raigne,
Yet few or none ſo craue it.

Thou wouldſt be lou'de, and that of one,
For vice? thou maiſt ſeeke loue of none:
For virtue? why of her alone?
I ſay ſo more, ſpeake you that know the truth,
If ſo great loue be aught but heate of youth.

MADRIGAL III.

SHe onely is the pride of Natures skill:
In none, but her, al Graces friendly meete.
In all, ſaue her, may *Cupid* haue his will,
By none, but her, is Fancy vnder feete.
Moſt ſtrange of all, her praiſe is in her want,
Her Heart that ſhould be fleſh, is Adamant.
Laudo quod lugeo.

Smoothe

SMoothe are thy lookes, so is the deepest streame:
Soft are thy lippes, so is the swallowing Sand.
Faire is thy sight, but like vnto a dreame;
Sweet is thy promise, but it wil not stand.
Smooth, soft, faire, sweet, to thē that lightly tuch,
Rough, hard, foule, sowre to them that take too (much.
Thy looks so smoothe haue drawne away my sight.
Who would haue thoght that hooks could so be hid?
Thy lips so soft haue fretted my delight,
Before I once suspected what they did.
Thy face so faire hath burnt mee with desire,
Thy wordes so sweete were bellowes for the fire.

And yet I loue the lookes that made me blinde,
And like to kisse the lippes that fret my life,
In heate of fire an ease of heate I finde,
And greatest peace in midst of greatest strife.
That if my choice were now to make againe,
I would not haue this ioy without this paine.

PHALEVCIACKS II.

HOw, or where haue I loſt my ſelfe? vnhappy!
Dead, nor liue am I neither, and yet am both.
Through deſpayre am I dead, by hope reuiued,
Weeping wake I the night from eue to morning,
Sighing waſte I the day from morne to euening.
Teares are drink to my thirſt, by teares I thirſt more
Sighes are meate that I eate, I hunger eating,
Might I, O that I might refraine my feeding,
Soone would eaſe to my hart by death be purchaſt
Life and light do I lacke, when I behold not
Thoſe bright beams of her Eies, *Apollo* darkning:
Life and light do I looſe when I behold them,
All as Snow by the Sun reſolu'd to water.
Death and life I receiue her Eyes beholding;
Death and life I refuze not in beholding,
So that, dead or aliue I may behold them.

L'ENVOY *in ryming Phaleuciacks.*

MVſe not, Lady, to reade ſo ſtrange a Meeter;
Strange griefe, ſtrange remedy for eaſe requireth
When ſweet Ioy did abound, I writt the ſweeter,
Now that weareth away, my Muſe retireth:
In you lyes it alone to cure my ſadneſſe,
And therewith to reuiue my hart with gladneſſe

SON

SONNET. IIII.

WRongde by Desire I yeelded to disdaine,
Who call'd reuenge to worke my spite therby.
Rash was Reuenge and sware desire should die.
No price nor prayer his pardon might obtaine.
Downe to my Hart in rage hee hastes amaine,
And stops each passage lest Desire should flie:
Within my Eares disdainfull words did lie,
Proud lookes did keepe mine Eyes with scornfull traine.
Desire that earst but flickred in my brest,
And wanton-like now prickt, now gaue me rest,
For feare of death sunke deeper in my hart.
There raignes he now, and there will raigne alone,
Desire is iealous, and giues part to none,
Nor hee from mee, nor I from him can start.

That he is vnchangeable.

THe loue of chãge hath chãg'd the world throwout
And nought is counted good, but what is strang;
New things waxe olde, olde new, all turne about,
And all things change except the loue of change.
Yet feele I not this loue of change in mee,
But as I am, so will I alwayes bee.

For who can change that likes his former choice,
Who better wiſh, that knowes he hath the beſt?
How can the heart in things vnknowne reioyce,
If ioy well tride can bring no certaine reſt?
My choyce is made, change he that liſt for mee,
Such as I am, ſuch will I alwaies bee.

Who euer chang'd, and not confeſt his want?
And who confeſt his want, and not his woe?
Then change who liſt, thy woe ſhall not be ſcant,
Within thy ſelfe thou feedſt thy mortall foe.
Change calls for change, no end, no eaſe for thee,
Then, as I am, ſo will I alwaies bee.

Mine eies confeſſe they haue their wiſhed ſight,
My heart affirmes it feeles the loue it ſought.
My inward thoughts are fed with true delight,
Which full conſent of conſtant ioy hath wrought.
And full Content deſiers no Change to ſee,
Then, as I am, ſo will I alwayes bee.

Reſt then (my Hart) and keep thine olde delight,
Which like the Phœnix waxeth yong each day:
Each houre preſents new pleaſure to my ſight,
More cauſe of ioy increaſeth eu'ry way.
True loue with age doth daily cleerer ſee,
Then, as I am, ſo wil I alwayes bee.

What gain'd faire *Creſſide* by her faithleſſe change,
But loſſe of fame, of beauty, health, and life?

Marke

Marke *Iaſons* hap, that euer lou'de to range,
That loſt his children, and his princely wife.
Then Change farewell, thou art no Mate for me,
But, as I am, ſo will I alwayes be.

Iamais autre.

To his Eies.

VNhappy Eies, the cauſers of my paine,
That to my foe betray'd my ſtrongeſt hold,
Wherein, he like a Tyrant now doth raigne,
And boaſts of winning that which treaſon ſolde.
Too late you call for help of me in vaine,
Whom Loue hath bound in chaines of maſſie gold;
The teares you ſhed increaſe my hote deſire,
As water on the Smithie kindles fire.
The ſighs that from my Heart aſcend,
Like winde diſperſe the flame throughout my breſt,
No part is left to harbour quiet reſt,
I burne in fire, and do not ſpend;
Like him, whoſe growing mawe,
The vulture ſtill doth gnawe.

Ode IIII.

Vpon visiting his Lady by Moon-light.

THe night say all, was made for rest,
And so say I, but not for all:
To them the darkest nights are best,
Which giue them leaue asleepe to fall:
But I that seeke my rest by light,
Hate sleepe, and praise the cleerest night.

Bright was the Moone, as bright as day,
And *Venus* glistred in the West,
Whose light did leade the ready way,
That brought mee to my wished rest:
Then each of them encreast their light,
While I inioy'd her heauenly sight.

Say, gentle Dames, what mou'd your minde
To shine so bright aboue your wont?
Would *Phœbe* fayre *Endimion* finde?
Would *Venus* see *Adonis* hunt?
No no, you feared by her sight,
To loose the prayse of Beauty bright.

At last, for shame you shrunke away,
And thought to reaue the world of light:
Then shone my Dame with brighter ray,
Then that which comes from *Phœbus* sight:
None other light but hers I prayse,
Whose nights are cleerer then the dayes.

Vpon her Absence.

The summer Sun that scalds the groũd with heate,
And burns the Grasse,& dries the Riuers source,
With milder beames,the fartheſt earth doth beate,
When through the frozen Gote he runs his course.
The fire that burnes what euer comes to hand,
Doth hardly heate that fartheſt off doth ſtand.

Not ſo, the heate that ſets my heart on fire,
By diſtance, ſlakes, and lets me coole againe:
But ſtill, the farther off, the more deſire,
The abſent fire doth burne with hotter paine.
My Ladies preſence burnt me with deſire,
Her abſence turnes me into flaming fire.

Whoſo hath ſeene the flame that burneth bright,
By outward colde in narrow roome ſuppreſt,
Encreaſe in heate and rage with greater might,
May gheſſe what force of fire torments my breſt:
So run the ſwelling ſtreames with double force,
Where locks or piles are ſet to ſtay their courſe.

For when my heart percein'd her parting neere,
By whoſe ſweete ſight he liues that elſe ſhould die,
It cloaſde it ſelfe,to keepe thoſe beames ſo cleere,
Which from her looke had pierſt it through the Eie.
The firy beams which would breake out ſo faine,
By ſeeking vent, encreaſe my burning paine.

But

But if my Deere returne aliue, and ſound,
That theſe mine eyes may ſee her beautie bright,
My Hart ſhall ſpread with ioy that ſhall abound,
And open wide, receiuing cleerer light.
Shee ſhall recouer that which I poſſeſſe,
And I thereby enioy no whit the leſſe.

Ode V.

Petition to haue her leaue to die.

When will the fountaine of my Teares be drie?
When will my ſighes be ſpent?
When will Deſire agree to let me die?
When will thy hart relent?
It is not for my life I pleade,
Since death the way to reſt doth leade,
But ſtay for thy conſent,
Leſt thou be diſcontent.

For if my ſelfe without thy leaue I kill,
My Ghoſt will neuer reſt:
So hath it ſworne to worke thine only will,
And holds that euer beſt.
For ſince it only liues by thee,
Good reaſon thou the ruler bee:
Then giue me leaue to die,
And ſhew thy powre thereby.

The

The frozen Snake oppreſt with heaped ſnowe,
By ſtrugling hard gets out her tender head:
And ſpies far off from where ſhee lies belowe,
The winter Sun that from the North is fled:
But all in vaine ſhee lookes vpon the light,
Where heate is wanting to reſtore her might.

What doth it helpe a wretch in priſon pent,
Long time with biting hunger ouer-preſt;
To ſee without or ſmell within the ſent,
Of daintie fare for others tables dreſt?:
Yet Snake and pris'ner both behold the thing,
The which (but not with ſight) might cõfort bring.

Such is my ſtate, or worſe, if worſe may bee,
My heart oppreſt with heauy froſt of care,
Bar'd of that which is moſt deere to mee,
Cld vp with colde, and pinde with euill fare:
And yet I ſee the thing might yeeld reliefe,
And yet the ſight doth breed my greater griefe.

Thisbe ſaw her louer through the wall,
And ſaw thereby, ſhee wanted that ſhee ſaw:
And ſo I ſee, and ſeeing want withall,
And wanting ſo, vnto my drath I draw:
And ſo my death were twenty times my frend,
If with this Verſe my hated life might end.

If

Ode VI.

IE my decay be your encreaſe,
If my diſtreſſe bee your delight,
If warre in me procure your peace,
If wrong to me, to you be right,
I would decay, diſtreſſe, warre, wrong,
Might end the life that ends ſo long.

Yet, if by my decay you grow,
When I am ſpent your growth is paſt:
If from my griefe your Ioy do flow,
When my griefe ends, your Ioy flies faſt:
Then for your ſake, though to my paine,
I ſtriue to liue, to die full faine.

For if I die, my warre muſt ceaſe;
Then can I ſuffer wrong no more:
My warre once done, farewel your peace,
My wrong, your right doth ſtill reſtore:
Thus, for your right I ſuffer wrong,
And for your peace, my warre prolong.

But ſince no thing can long indure,
That ſometime hath not needefull reſt,
What can my life your ioy aſſure,
If ſtill I waile with griefe oppreſt?
The ſtrongeſt ſtomacke faints at laſt,
For want of eaſe and due repaſt.

My reſtleſſe ſighes breake out ſo faſt,
That time to breathe they quite deny:
Mine Eyes ſo many teares haue caſt,
That now the ſprings themſelues are dry:
Then grant ſome little eaſe from paine,
Vntill the ſprings bee full againe.

The Gyant whom the Vulture gnawes,
Vntill his heart be growne, hath peace:
And *Siſyphus* by helliſh lawes,
Whilſte that the ſtone rowles downe, doth ceaſe:
But all in vaine I ſtriue for reſt,
Which breedes more ſorrow in my breſt.

Let my Decay bee your encreaſe,
Let my diſtreſſe bee your delight:
Let warre in mee procure your peace,
Let wrong in mee to you bee right;
That by my Griefe your Ioy may liue,
Vouchſafe ſome little reſt to giue.

Ode VII.

CLoſe your lids, vnhappy Eyes,
From the ſight of ſuch a change:
Loue hath learned to deſpiſe,
Elfe-conceit hath made him ſtrange:
Inward now his ſight he turneth,
With himſelfe in loue hee burneth.

If abroad he beautie ſpie,
As by chance he lookes abroad,
Or it is wrought by his eye,
Or forc'de out by Painters fraude:
Saue himſelfe none faire he deemeth,
That himſelfe too much eſteemeth.

Coy diſdaine hath kindnes place,
Kindnes forc'de to hide his head:
True Deſire is counted baſe,
Hope with hope is hardly fed:
Loue is thought a fury needleſſe,
Hee that hath it, ſhal die ſpeedleſſe.

Then mine eies, why gaze you ſo?
Beautie ſcornes the Teares you ſhed;
Death you ſeeke to end my woe,
O that you of death were ſped!
But with Loue hath death conſpired,
To kill none whom Loue haue fired.

Cupid at length I ſpie thy crafty wile,
Though for a time thou didſt me ſore beguile,
When firſt thy ſhaft did wound my tender hart,
It toucht mee light, mee thought I felt ſome paine;
Some litle prick at firſt did make mee ſmart,
But yet that griefe was quickly gone againe.
Full ſmall account I made of ſuch a ſore,
As now doth ranckle inward more and more.

So

So poyſon firſt the ſinewes lightly ſtraines,
Then ſtraies, and after ſpreads through al the vaines,
No otherwiſe, then he, that prickt with thorne,
Starts at the firſt, and feeles no other griefe,
As one whoſe hart ſo litle hurt did ſcorne,
And deigned not to ſeek deſpis'd reliefe:
At laſt, when reſt doth after trauaile come,
That litle pricke the joynt with paine doth numme.

What may I thinke the cauſe of this thy craft,
That at the firſt thou ſtick'ſt not deepe thy ſhaft?
If at the firſt I had thy ſtroke eſpi'de,
(Alas I thought thou wouldſt not daily ſo)
To keepe my ſelfe all wayes I would haue tride,
At leaſt, I thinke I might haue cur'd my woe:
Yet, truth to ſay, I did ſuſpect no leſſe,
And knew it too, at leaſt, I ſo did gheſſe.

I ſaw, and yet would willingly be blinde.
I felt the ſting, yet flatt'red ſtill my minde,
And now too late I know my former guilt,
And ſeeke in vaine to heale my cureleſſe ſore;
My life, I doubt, my health I know is ſpilt,
A iuſt reward for dallying ſo before:
For I that would not when I might haue eaſe,
No maruell though I cannot when I pleaſe.

Clipeum poſt vulnera.

A Paraphraſticall tranſlation of Petrarkes Sonnet, beginning,

S'Amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'io ſento.

IF Loue bee nothing but an idle name,
A vaine deuiſe of fooliſh Poets skill:
A fained fire, deuoyd of ſmoke and flame;
Then what is that which mee tormenteth ſtill?
If ſuch a thing as Loue indeede there bee,
What kind of thing, or which, or where is hee?

If it be good, how cauſeth it ſuch paine?
How doth it breed ſuch greefe within my breſt?
If naught, how chance the greefe that I ſuſtaine,
Doth ſeeme ſo ſweet amidſt my great vnreſt?
For ſure mee thinkes it is a wondrous thing,
That ſo great paine ſhould ſo great pleaſure bring.

If with my will amidſt theſe flames I fry,
Whence come thee teares? how chance I thus com-
If force perforce I beare this miſery, (plaine?
What help theſe Teares that cannot eaſe my paine?
How can this fancy beare ſuch ſway in mee,
But if my ſelfe conſent, that ſo it bee?

And if my ſelfe conſent, that ſo it bee,
Vniuſt I am thus to complaine and cry;
To looke that other men ſhould ſuccour mee,
Since by my fault I feele ſuch miſery:
Who will not helpe himſelfe when well hee can,
Deſerues ſmall helpe of any other man.

Thus

Thus am I toſt vpon the troublous Seas,
By ſundry winds, whoſe blaſtes blow ſundry waies:
And eu'ry blaſt ſtill driuing where it pleaſe,
Brings hope and feare to end my lingring dayes:
The Steers-man gone, ſaile, helme, & tackle loſt,
How can I hope to gayne the wiſhed Coaſt?

Wiſedome and folly is the luckleſſe fraight,
My ſhip therewith ballaſt vnequally:
Wiſedome too light, folly of too great waight,
My Barke and I, through them, in ieopardie:
Thus, in the midſt of this perplexity,
I wiſh for death, and yet am loath to die.

FAyre is thy face, and that thou knoweſt too weil,
Hard is thy Hart, and that thou wilt not knowe:
Thou hear'ſt and ſmil'ſt, when I thy prayſes tell,
But ſtopſt thine Eares when I my greef would ſhowe:
Yet thou ghin vaine, needs muſt I ſpeake,
Or elſe my ſwelling Hart would breake.

And when I ſpeake, my breath doth blow the fire,
With which my burning Hart conſumes away:
I call vpon thy name and helpe require,
Thy deereſt Name which doth mee ſtill betray:
For grace, ſweet Grace thy name doth ſound,
Yet ah! in thee no grace is found.

Alas, to what parte ſhal I then appeale?
Thy face ſo faire diſdaines to looke on mee:
Thy tongue commands my hart his griefe conceale,
Thy nimble feete from me do alwayes flee:
Thine Eyes caſt fire to burne my hart,
And thou reioyceſt in my ſmart.

Then, ſince thou ſeeſt the life I leade in paine,
And that for thee I ſuffer all this griefe,
O let my Heart this ſmall requeſt obtaine,
That thou agree it pine without reliefe!
I aske not Loue for my good will,
But leaue, that I may loue thee ſtill.

Quid minus optari per mea vota poteſt.

Ode. VIII.

DIſdaine that ſo doth fill mee,
Hath ſurely ſworne to kill mee,
And I muſt die:
Deſire that ſtill doth burne mee,
To life againe will turne mee
And liue muſt I.
O kill mee then diſdaine!
That I may liue againe.

Thy lookes are life vnto mee,
And yet thoſe lookes vndoo mee,
O death and life!

Thy ſmile ſome reſt doth ſhow mee,
Thy frowne with warre o'rethrow mee,
O peace and ſtrife!
Nor, life nor death is either,
Then giue mee both, or neither.

Life only cannot pleaſe mee,
Death only cannot eaſe mee,
Change is delight.
I liue that death may kill mee,
I die that life may fill mee,
Both day and night.
If once Deſpaire decay,
Deſire will weare away.

An Inuective againſt Loue.

ALL is not Gold that ſhineth bright in ſhow,
Nor eu'ry flower ſo good, as faire, to ſight,
The deepeſt ſtreames, aboue do calmeſt flow,
And ſtrongeſt Poyſons oft the taſte delight,
The pleaſant baite doth hide the harmeful hooke,
And falſe deceit can lend a friendly looke.

Loue is the gold whoſe outward hew doth paſſe,
Whoſe firſt beginnings go odly promiſe make,
Of pleaſures faire and freſh as Summers graſſe,
Which neither Sun can parch, nor winde can ſhake
But when the Mould ſhould in the fire be tride,
The Gold is gone, the droſſe doth ſtill abide.

Beautie, the flower ſo freſh, ſo faire, ſo gay,
So ſweet to ſmell, ſo ſoft to touch and taſte,
As ſeemes it ſhould endure, by right, for ay,
And neuer be with any ſtorme defaſte:
But when the baleful Southerne wind doth blow,
Gone is the glory which it erſt did ſhow.

Loue is the ſtreame, whoſe waues ſo calmely flow,
As might intice mens mindes to wade therein:
Loue is the poyſon mixt with ſugar ſo,
As might by outward ſweetnes liking win.
But as the deepe o'reflowing ſtops thy breath,
So poyſon once receiu'd brings certaine death.

Loue is the baite, whoſe taſte the fiſh deceaues,
And makes them ſwallow down the choking hooke:
Loue is the face whoſe fairenes iudgement reaues,
And makes thee truſt a falſe and fained looke:
But as the hooke, the fooliſh fiſh doth kill,
So flatt'ring lookes, the Louers life do ſpill.

Vſque adeò dulce puella malum eſt.

Vpon an Heroicall Poeme which hee had begunne (in Imitation of Virgil,) of the first Inhabiting this famous Ile by Brute, and the Troyans.

MY wanton Muse that whilome wont to sing,
Faire *Beauties* praise and *Venus* sweet delight,
Of late had chang'd the tenor of her string,
To higher tunes then serue for *Cupids* sight: (strong
Shril Trumpets sound, sharpe Swords & Lance
Warre, bloud, and death, were matter of her song

The God of Loue by chance had heard thereof,
That I was prou'd a Rebell to his Crowne,
Fit words for Warre, quoth he, with angry skoff,
A likely man to write of *Marses* frowne:
Well are they sped whose praises he shall write,
Whose wanton Pen can nought but Loue indit

This said, he whiskt his parti-coulor'd wings,
And down to earth he comes more swift thē thog
Then to my hart in angry haste he flings,
To see what chāge these news of wars had wrogh
He pries, and lookes, he ransacks eu'ry vaine,
Yet findes he nought, saue loue, and Louers pain

Then I that now perceiu'd his needles feare,
With heauy ſmile began to pleade my cauſe:
In vayne (quoth I) this endleſſe greefe I beare,
In vaine I ſtriue to keepe thy greeuous Lawes,
If after proofe ſo often truſty found,
Vniuſt Suſpect condemne mee as vnſound.

Is this the guerdon of my faithfull hart?
Is this the hope on which my life is ſtaide?
Is this the eaſe of neuer-ceaſing ſmart?
Is this the price that for my paines is paid?
Yet better ſerue fierce *Mars* in bloody field,
Where death, or conqueſt, end or ioy doth yeeld.

Long haue I ſeru'd: what is my pay but payne?
Oft haue I ſude: what gaine I but delay?
My faithfull loue is quited with diſdaine,
My greefe a game, my pen is made a play:
Yea, Loue that doth in other fauour find,
In mee is counted madnes out of kind.

And laſt of all, but greeuous moſt of all,
Thy ſelfe, ſweet Loue, hath kild me with ſuſpect;
Could Loue beleeue, that I from Loue would fall?
Is warre of force to make mee Loue neglect?
No, *Cupid* knowes, my mind is faſter ſet,
Then that by war I ſhould my Loue forget.

My

My Muſe indeed to War enclines her minde,
The famous Actes of worthy *Brute* to write:
To whom the Gods this Ilands rule aſſignde,
Which long he ſought by ſeas throgh *Neptunes* ſpight
With ſuch conceits my buſie head doth ſwel,
But in my hart nought elſ but Loue doth dwell.

And in this warre thy part is not the leaſt,
Heere ſhall my Muſe *Brutes* noble Loue declare:
Heere ſhalt thou ſee the double Loue increaſt,
Of fayreſt Twins that euer Lady bare:
Let *Mars* triumph in Armour ſhining bright,
His conquerd Armes ſhall be thy triumphs light.

As hee the world, ſo thou ſhalt him ſubdue,
And I thy glory through the world will ring:
So bee my paines, thou wilt vouchſafe to rue,
And kill deſpayre: With that he whisk't his wing,
And bade me write, and promiſt wiſhed reſt,
But ſore I hope falſe hope will bee the beſt.

Vpon his Ladies buying ſtrings for her Lute.

IN happy time the wiſhed Fayre is come,
To fitt thy Lute with ſtrings of eu'ry kinde:
Great pitty ti's, ſo ſweete a Lute be dumme,
That ſo can pleaſe the Eare, and eaſe the minde:
Go take thy choice, and chuſe the very beſt,
And vſe them ſo, that head and hart find reſt.

REſt thou in ioy, and let me waile alone,
My pleaſant dayes haue tane their laſt farewell:
My Hart-ſtrings Sorrow ſtrook ſo long with mone,
That at the laſt they all in pieces fell:
And now they lie in pieces brooke ſo ſmall,
That ſcarce they ſerue to make mee frets withall.

And yet they ſerue and binde my hart ſo ſtrait,
That frets indeed they ſerue to fret it out:
No force for that, in hope thereof I waite,
That death may rid mee both of hope and doubt:
But death, alas, drawes backward all too long,
And I each day feele now encreaſe of wrong.

Care will not let him liue, nor Hope let him die.

MY heauy Hart which Greefe and hope torment,
Beates all in vaine against my weary breſt:
As if it thought with force to make a vent,
That Death might enter to procure my reſt:
But, fooliſh hart, thy paynes are loſt, I ſee,
For death and life both flie and follow thee.

When weight of care would preſſe mee downe with paine,
That I might ſinck to depth of death below:
Hope lends me wings, and lifts me vp againe,
To ſtriue for life, and liue in greater woe:
So fares the bote, which winds driue to the ſhore,
And Tide driues backward where it was before.

Thus neyther Hope will let me die with Care,
Nor Care conſent that Hope aſſure my life:
I ſeeke for life, death dooth his ſtroke prepare,
I come to death, and life renewes my ſtrife:
All as the ſhadow follow them that flie,
And flies from them that after it do hie.

What is my hope? that hope will faile at laſt,
And greefe gett ſtrength to worke his will on mee:
Eyther the Waxe with which hopes wings are faſt,
By ſcalding ſighes mine Eyes ſhall melted ſee:
Or els my Teares ſhall wett the feathers ſo,
That I ſhall fall and drowne in waues of woe.

Cupids Mariage with Diſſimulation.

A New-found match is made of late,
Blinde *Cupid* needs will change his wife;
New-fangled Loue doth *Pſyche* hate,
With whom ſo long he led his life.
Deſſembling, ſhee
The Bride muſt bee,
To pleaſe his wanton eye.
Pſyche laments
That Loue repents,
His choyce without cauſe why.

Cytheron ſounds with muſicke ſtrange,
Vnknowne vnto the Virgins nine:
From flat to ſharpe the Tune doth range,
Too baſe, becauſe it is too fine.
See how the Bride
Puft vp with pride,
Can mince it paſſing well,
Shee trips on toe,
Full faire to ſhow,
Within doth poyſon dwell.

Now wanton Loue at laſt is ſped,
Diſſembling is his only Ioy,
Fare Truth from *Venus* Courte is fled,
Diſſembling pleaſures hides annoy.
It were in vaine
To talke of paine,

The wedding yet doth laſt,
But paine is neere,
And will appeere,
With a diſſembling caſt.

Diſpaire and hope are ioyn'd in one,
And paine with pleaſure linked ſure:
Not one of theſe can come alone,
No certaine hope, no pleaſure pure.
Thus ſowre and ſweete
In loue do meete,
Diſſembling likes it ſo,
Of ſweete ſmall ſtore,
Of ſowre the more,
Loue is a pleaſant woe.

Amor & mellis & fellis.

ODE. X.

Diſpraiſe of Loue, and Lovers follies.

If Loue be life, I long to die,
Liue they that liſt for mee:
And he that gaines the moſt thereby,
A foole, at leaſt, ſhall bee.

But

But he that feeles the ſoreſt fits,
Scapes with no leſſe than loſſe of wits;
An happy life they gaine,
Which Loue doo enterta ine.

In day by fained lookes they liue,
By lying dreames in night.
Each frowne a deadly wound doth giue,
Each ſmile a falſe delight.
Iſt hap their Lady pleaſant ſeeme,
It is for others loue they deeme,
If voyde ſhe ſeeme of ioy,
Diſdaine doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that Louers finde,
Such is the life they leade.
Blowne here and there with eu'ry winde,
Like flowers in the Meade.
Now warre, now peace, then warre againe,
Deſire, Diſpaire, Delight, Diſdaine,
Though dead in midſt of life,
In peace, and yet at ſtrife.

In amore hæc inſunt mala.

THe golden Sunne that brings the day,
And lends men light to see withall,
In vaine doth cast his beames away,
Where they are blinde on whom they fall.
There is no force in all his light,
To giue the Mole a perfect sight.

But thou, my Sunne, more bright then hee,
That shines at noone in Summer tide,
Hast giuen me light and power to see,
With perfect skill my sight to guide.
Till now I liu'de as blinde as Mole,
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of beauties grace,
Yet deem'd it nought but Poets skill.
I gaz'de on many a louely face,
Yet found I none to binde my will.
Which made me thinke, that beauty bright,
Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beames haue cleer'd my sight,
I blush to thinke I was so blinde.
Thy flaming Eies affoord mee light,
That Beauties blaze each where I finde:
And yet these Dames that shine so bright,
Are but the shadow of thy light.

Ode XI.

To his Muſe.

REſt, good my Muſe, and giue me leaue to reſt,
We ſtriue in vaine.
Conceale thy skill within thy ſacred breſt,
Though to thy paine.
The honor great which Poets wont to haue,
With worthy deedes is buried deeepe in graue,
Each man will hide his name,
Thereby to hide his ſhame,
And ſilence is the praiſe their virtues craue.

To praiſe, is flattery, malice to diſpraiſe,
Hard is the choice.
What cauſe is left for thee, my Muſe, to raiſe
Thy heau'nly voice?
Delight thy ſelfe on ſweet *Parnaſſus* hill,
And for a better time reſerue thy skill,
There let thy ſiluer ſound,
From *Cyrrha* wood rebound,
And all the vale with learned Muſicke fill.

Then ſhall thoſe fooles that now preferre ech Rime
Before thy skill,
With hand and foote in vaine aſſay to clime
Thy ſacred hill.
There ſhalt thou ſit and skorne them with diſdaine,
To ſee their fruitles labour all in vaine;
But they ſhall fret with ſpight,
To ſee thy glory bright,
And know themſelues thereto cannot attaine.

Mine

MIne eies haue ſpent their teares, & now are drie,
My weary hand will guide my pen no more.
My voice is hoarſe, and can no longer cry,
My head hath left no new complaints in ſtore.
My heart is ouerburdned ſo with paine,
That ſence of griefe doth none therein remaine.

The teares you ſee diſtilling from mine eies,
My gentle Muſe doth ſhed for this my griefe.
The plaints you heare are her inceſſant cries,
By which ſhe calles in vaine for ſome reliefe.
She neuer parted ſince my griefe begunne,
In her I liue, ſhe dead, my life were done.

Then (louing Muſe) departe, and let me die,
Some brauer Youth will ſue to thee for grace,
That may aduance thy glory to the skie,
And make thee ſcorn blind Fortunes frowning face.
My heart and head that did thee entertaine,
Deſire and Fortune with deſpite haue ſlaine.

My Lady dares not lodge thee in her breſt,
For feare, vnwares ſhe let in Loue with thee.
For well ſhe thinkes ſome part in thee muſt reſt,
Of that which ſo poſſeſt each part of mee.
Then (good my Muſe) flie back to heau'n againe
And let me die, to end this endleſſe paine.

H 10

Break

BReake heauy hart, and rid mee of this paine,
This paine that ſtill encreaſeth day by day:
By day with ſighes I ſpend my ſelfe in vaine,
In vayne by night with teares I waſte away:
Away I waſte with teares by night in vaine,
Teares, ſighs, by night, by day encreaſe this paine.

Mine Eyes no Eies, but fountaines of my teares,
My teares no teares, but floods to moyſt my hart:
My hart no hart, but harbour of my feares,
My feares no feares, but feelings of my ſmart:
My ſmart, my feares, my hart, my teares, mine eies
Are blind, dryde, ſpent, paſt, waſted with my cries.

And yet mine Eyes, thogh blind, ſee cauſe of greefe:
And yet my teares, thogh dride, run down amaine:
And yet my hart, though ſpent, attends releefe,
And yet my feares, though paſt, encreaſe my paine:
And yet I liue, and liuing, feele more ſmart,
And ſmarting, cry in vaine, breake heauy hart.

WHere witt is ouer-rulde by will,
And will is led by fond deſire:
There Reaſon were as good bee ſtill,
As ſpeaking, kindle greater fire:
For where deſire doth beare the ſway,
The hart muſt rule, the head obay.

What

What bootes the cunning Pilots skill,
To tell which way to ſhape their courſe:
When hee that ſteers will haue his will,
And driue them where he liſt perforce:
So Reaſon ſhewes the truth in vaine,
Where fond deſire as King doth raigne.

TWixt heate and colde, twixt death and life,
I freeze and burne, I liue and die:
Which ioyntly worke in me ſuch ſtrife,
I liue in death, in cold I fry,
Nor hot, nor cold, nor liue, nor dead,
Neither, and both, this life I lead.

Firſt, burning heate ſets all one fire,
Whereby I ſeeme in flames to fry:
Then colde deſpayre kills hotte deſire,
That drenched deepe, in death I lie:
Heate driues out cold, and keepes my life,
Cold quencheth heate, no end of ſtrife.

The leſſe I hope to haue my will,
The more I feele deſire encreaſe.
And as deſire encreaſeth ſtill,
Deſpayre to quench it doth not ceaſe:
So liue I as the Lampe, whoſe light,
Oft comes, oft goes, now dim, now bright.

A liuing death.

IF meanes be none to end my reſtleſſe eare,
If needes I muſt orewhelm'd with ſorrow lie.
What better way this ſorrow to declare,
Then, that I dying liue, and cannot die.

If nought but loſſe I reape in ſteade of gaine,
If laſting paine doe euery day encreaſe;
To thee (good Death) alas, I muſt complaine,
Thou art of force to make my ſorrow ceaſe.

If thou, becauſe I thee refuſde ſometime,
Now ſhut thine eares, and my requeſt deny,
Still muſt I loue, and waile in woefull Rime,
That dying ſtill I am, and cannot die.

Spiro, non viuo.

YE walles that ſhut me vp from ſight of men,
Incloſde wherein, aliue I buried lie.
And thou, ſometime my bed, but now my den,
Where, ſmothred vp the light of Sunne, I lie.
O ſhut your ſelues, ech chinke and creuis ſtraine,
That none but you may heare me thus complaine.

My hollow cries that beate thy ſtony ſide,
Vouchſafe to beate, but beate them backe againe,
That when my griefe hath ſpeech to me denide,
Mine eares may heare the witnes of my paine.
As for my Teares, whoſe ſtreames muſt euer laſt
My ſilent cowch ſhall drinke them vp as faſt.

Hopeleſſe

Hopeleſſe deſire ſoone withers and dies.

Hough naked Trees ſeeme dead to ſight,
When winter winde doth keenely blow,
t if the roote maintaine her right,
he Spring their hidden life will ſhow.
But if the roote be dead and drie,
No maruell though the branches die.

hile Hope did liue within my breſt,
o winter ſtorme could kill deſire.
t now diſdaine hath hope oppreſt,
ead is the roote, dead is the ſpire.
Hope was the roote, the ſpire was Loue,
No ſap beneath, no life aboue.

nd as we ſee the rooteleſſe ſtocke
taine ſome ſap, and ſpring a while,
t quickely proone a lifeleſſe blocke,
cauſe the roote doth life beguile;
So liues Deſire which Hope hath left,
As twy light ſhines when Sunne is reft.

Ode XII.

To his Heart.

NAy, nay, thou ſtriu'ſt in vaine, my Hart,
To mend thy miſſe.
Thou haſt deſeru'd to beare this ſmart,
And worſe then this.
That wouldſt thy ſelfe debaſe,
To ſerue in ſuch a place.

Thou thoughtſt thy ſelfe too long at reſt,
Such was thy Pride.
Needes muſt thou ſeeke a nobler breſt,
Wherein to bide.
Say now, what haſt thou found?
In fetters thou art bound.

What hath thy faithfull ſeruice wonne,
But high diſdaine?
Broke is the threede thy fancie ſpunne,
Thy labour vaine.
Falne art thou now with paine,
And canſt not riſe againe.

nd canſt thou looke for helpe of mee
In this diſtreſſe?
muſt confeſſe I pittie thee,
And can no leſſe.
But beare a while thy paine,
For feare thou fall againe.

earne by thy hurt to ſhunne the fire,
Play not with all:
hen clyming thoughts high things aſpyre,
They ſeeke their fall.
Thou ween'ſt nought ſhone but golde,
So waſt thou blind and bolde.

et lie not ſtill for this diſgrace,
But mount againe:
o that thou know the wiſhed place
Bee worth thy paine.
Then, though thou fall anddie,
Yet neuer feare to flie.

PHALEVCIACKS. II.

WIsdome warns me to shun that once I sought for
And in time to retire my hasty footsteps:
Wisdome sent from aboue, not earthly wisdome,
No such thoughts can arise from earthly wisdome.
Long, too long haue I slept in ease vneasie,
On falce worldly releefe my trust reposing;
Health and wealth in a bote, no sterne nor ankor,
(Bold and blinde that I was) to Sea be taking:
Scarce from shore had I lancht, when all about mee
Waues like hilles did arise, till help from heauen,
Brought my Ship to the Porte of late repentance.

O nauis, referent in mare te noui
Fluctus.——

Ode XIII.

NOw haue I learn'd with much a doo at laſt,
By true diſdaine to kill deſire:
This was the marke at which I ſhot ſo faſt,
Vnto this height I did aſpire:
Proud Loue, now do thy worſt, and ſpare not,
For thee and all thy ſhafts I care not.

What haſt thou left wherewith to moue my minde,
What life to quicken dead Deſire?
I count thy words and oathes as light as winde,
I feele no heate in all thy fire.
Go change thy bow and get a ſtronger,
Go breake thy ſhafts and buy thee longer.

In vaine thou bait'ſt thy hooke with beauties blaze,
In vaine thy wanton Eyes allure.
Theſe are but toyes for them that loue to gaze,
I know what harme thy lookes procure:
Some ſtrange conceit muſt be deuiſed,
Or thou and all thy skill deſpiſed.

Scilicet aſſerui iam me, fugíque catenas.

Being scorned, and disdained, hee inueighs against his Lady.

SInce iust disdaine began to rise,
And cry reuenge for spitefull wrong:
What erst I praisde, I now despise,
And thinke my Loue was all too long.
I tread in durt that scornefull pride,
Which in thy lookes I haue descride:
Thy beautie is a painted skin,
For fooles to see their faces in.

Thine Eyes that some as Starres esteeme,
From whence themselues, they say, take light,
Like to thee fooliſh fire I deeme,
That leades men to their death by night.
Thy words and othes are light as winde,
And yet farre lighter is thy minde:
Thy friendship is a broken reede,
That failes thy friends in greatest neede.

Vitijs patientia victa est.

Ode XIIII.

The Tombe of dead Desire.

WHen *Venus* saw Desire must die,
Whom high disdayne
Had iustly slaine
For killing Truth with scornefull Eye;

The Earth ſhee leaues, and gets her to the ſkie,
Her golden hayre ſhee teares,
Blacke weedes of woe ſhee weares;
For helpe vnto her father doth ſhee cry,
Who biddes her ſtay a ſpace,
And hope for better grace.

To ſaue his life ſhee hath no skill,
Whom ſhould ſhee pray,
What doo or ſay,
But weepe for wanting of her will?
Meane time, Deſire hath tane his laſt farewell;
And in a Meddow faire,
To which the Nymphs repayre,
His breathles Corps is laid with wormes to dwell;
So Glory doth decay,
When Death takes life away.

When Morning Starre had chaſde the night,
The Queene of Loue
Lookt from aboue,
To ſee the Graue of her delight:
And as with heedfull Eye ſhee viewd the place,
Shee ſpide a flower vnknowne,
That on his graue was growne,
Inſtead of learned Verſe his Tombe to grace.
If you the Name require,
Hearts-eaſe from dead Deſire.

An Altare and Sacrifice to Disdaine, for freeing him from loue.

My Muse by thee restor'd to life,
To thee Disdaine, this Altare reares,
Whereon she offers causlesse strife,
Self-spending sighs, and bootlesse teares

Long Sutes in vaine,
Hate for Good will:
Still-dying paine,
Yet liuing still.
Selfe-louing pride,
Lookes coyly strange,
Will Reasons guide,
Desire of change.
And last of all,
Blinde Fancies fire;
False Beauties thrall,
That bindes desire.

All these I offer to Disdaine,
By whome I liue from fancie free.
With vow, that if I loue againe,
My life the sacrifice shall bee.

Vicimus & domitum pedibus calcamus amorem.

ANOMOS.

Certaine other Poems vpon diuerſe Subiects, by the ſame Author.

Three Odes tranſlated out of Anacreon, *the Greeke Lyrick Poet.*

Ode I.

OF *Atreus* Sonnes faine would I write,
And faine of *Cadmus* would I ſing:
My Lute is ſet on Loues delight,
And onely Loue ſounds eu'ry ſtring.

Of late my Lute I alt'red quite,
Both frets and ſtrings for tunes aboue,
I ſung of fierce *Alcides* might,
My Lute would ſound no tune but Loue,
Wherefore yee worthies all farewell,
No tune but Loue my Lute can tell.

Ode II.

THe Bull by nature hath his hornes,
The Horſe his hooues to daunt their foes,
The light-foot Hare the hunter ſcornes,
The Lions teeth his ſtrength diſcloſe.

The Fiſh, by ſwimming, ſcapes the weele,
The Bird, by flight, the fowlers net.
With wiſedome Man is arm'd as ſteele,
Poore women none of theſe can get.

What haue they then? faire Beauties grace,
A two-edg'd Sworde, a truſty Shielde,
No force reſiſts a louely face,
Both fire and ſworde to Beautie yielde.

Ode. III.

OF late, what time the Beare turnd round
At midnight in her woonted way,
nd men of all ſorts ſlept full ſound,
'ercome with labour of the day.

he God of Loue came to my dore,
nd tooke the ring and knockt it hard.
/ho'st here, quoth I, that knocks ſo ſore,
ou breake my ſleepe, my dreames are marde?

A little boy forſooth, quoth hee,
D ung-wet with raine this Mooneleſſe night;
With that mee thought it pittied mee,
I ope the dore, and candle light.

And ſtraight a little boy I ſpide,
A winged Boy with ſhaftes and bow,
I tooke him to the fire ſide,
And ſet him downe to warme him ſo.

His little hands in mine I ſtraine,
To rub and warme them therewithall:
Out of his locks I cruſh the raine,
From which the drops apace downe fall.

At laſt, when he was waxen warme,
Now let me try my bow, quoth hee,
I feare my ſtring hath caught ſome harme,
And wet, will proue too ſlacke for mee.

Hee ſaid, and bent his bow, and ſhot,
And wightly hit me in the hart;
The wound was ſore and raging hot,
The heate like fury rekes my ſmart.

Mine hoſt, quoth he, my ſtring is well,
And laugh't, ſo that he leapt againe:
Looke to your wound for feare it ſwell,
Your heart may hap to feele the paine.

Anacreons second Ode, otherwise.

NAture in her worke doth giue,
To each thing that by her doth liue:
A proper gift whereby shee may,
Preuent in time her owne decay.
The Bull a horne, the horse a hoofe,
The light-foote hare to run aloofe:
The Lyons strength who may resist,
The birds aloft, flie where they list.
The fish swimmes safe in waters deepe,
The silly worme at least can creepe:
What is to come, men can forecast,
And learne more witt, by that is past:
The womans gift what might it bee,
The same for which the Ladies three,
Pallas, Iuno, Venus straue,
When each desired it to haue.

T. S.

Anacreons third Ode, otherwise.

Cupid abroad, was lated in the night,
His Wings were wett, with ranging in the raine,
Harbour hee sought, to mee hee tooke his flight,
To dry his plumes, I heard the Boy complayne.
I opre the doore, and granted his desire,
I rose my selfe, and made the Wag a fire.

Prying more narrow by the fiers flame,
I spide his Quiuer hanging at his backe:
Doubting the Boy might my misfortune frame,
I would haue gone for feare of further wracke.
But what I feard, did mee poore wretch betide,
For forth hee drew an Arrow from his side.

Hee pierst the quicke, and I began to start,
A pleasing wound, but that it was too high:
His shaft procurde a sharpe, yet sugred smart,
Away hee flew, for now his wings were dry;
But left the Arrow sticking in my Brest,
That sore I greeue, I welcom'd such a Guest.

R. G.

THe lowest Trees haue tops, the Ante her gall,
The flie her splene, the little sparkes their heate:
The slender haires cast shadowes, though but small,
And Bees haue stings, although they be not great:
Seas haue their sourse, & so haue shallow springs,
And loue is loue, in Beggars, as in Kings.

Where riuers smoothest run, deepe are the foords,
The Diall stirres, yet none perceiues it mooue:
The firmest faith is in the fewest wordes,
The Turtles cannot sing, and yet they loue:
True Harts haue eyes, & eares, no tongs to speake,
They heare, & see, and sigh, and then they breake.

Incerto.

An Answere to the first Staffe, that Loue is vnlike in Beggers and in Kings.

COmpare the Bramble with the Cedar tree,
The Pismyres anger which the Lyons rage:
What is the Buzzing flie where Eagles bee?
A drop the sparke, no seas can *Aetna* swage.
Small is the heat in Beggers brests that springs,
But flaming fire consumes the hearts of Kings.

who ſhrouds himſelf where ſlender hairs caſt ſhade?
But mighty Oakes may ſcorne the Summer Sun:
Smal cure wil ſerue, wher Bees the woūd haue made
But Dragons poyſon through each part doth run:
Light is the loue that Beggers boſome ſtings,
Deepe is the wound that *Cupid* makes in Kings.

Smal channels ſerue, where ſhallow ſprings do ſlide,
And little helpe will turne or ſtay their courſe:
The higheſt banks ſcarce holde the ſwelling tide,
Which ouer-throwes all ſtops with raging force:
The baſer ſort ſcarce wett them in the ſprings,
Which ouer-whelme the heads of mighty kings.

What though in both the hart bee ſet of Loue?
The ſelf ſame ground both corne and cockle breeds
Faſt by the Bryer, the Pine-tree mounts aboue,
One kinde of graſſe, the Iade, and Iennet feedes:
So from the hart, by ſecret virtue ſprings,
Vnlike deſire in Beggers and in Kings.

ANOMOS

A ſong

A Song, in praiſe of a Beggers life.

BRight ſhines the Sun, play Beggers play,
Here's ſcraps enough to ſerue to day.
What noyſe of Vials is ſo ſweete,
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want where Beggers meete?
A Beggers life is for a King.
Eate, drinke, and play, ſleepe when wee liſt,
Go where wee will, ſo ſtocks be miſt.
Bright ſhines, &c.

The world is ours, and ours alone,
For wee alone haue world at will,
Wee purchaſe not, all is our owne,
Both fields and ſtreetes wee Beggers fill.
Nor care to get, nor feare to keepe,
Did euer breake a Beggers ſleepe.
Bright ſhines, &c.

A hundred head of blacke and white,
Vpon our downes ſecurely feede,
If any dare his maſter bite,
He dies therefore as ſure as Creede.
Thus Beggers Lord it as they pleaſe,
And none but Beggers liue at eaſe.
Bright ſhines the Sun, &c.

Vpon

Vpon beginning without making an end.

Begin, and halfe is done, yet halfe vndone remaines,
Begin that half, & al is done, & thou art eaſd of pains
The ſecond halfe is all, when halfe thereof is dun,
The other halfe is al again, new work muſt be begun
Thus he that ſtil begins, doth nothing but by halues,
And things half done, as good vndone, half oxen are (but calues.

An Epigram to Sir Phillip Sydney in Elegicall Verſe, Tranſlated out of Iodelle, the French Poet.

(Altar,
Cambridge, worthy *Philip*, by this verſe builds thee an
Gainſt time & tempeſt, ſtrong to abide for euer,
That praiſe of verſes no length of time can abolliſh,
Which *Greece* & *Italy* purchaſed endles honor.
Then purſuing their ſteps like glory to purchaſe,
Wil make thy memory famous in after ages,
And in theſe meaſured verſes thy glory be ſounded,
So be thy holy fauor, help to my holy fury.

HEXAMETERS, *Vpon the neuer-enough praiſed Sir Phillip Sidney.*

WHat can I now ſuſpect? or, what can I feare any longer?
Oft did I feare, oft hope, whil'ſt life in *Sidney* remained.
Of nothing can I now deſpaire, for nought can I hope for;
This good is in miſery, when great extreamitie grieues vs,
That neither hope of good, nor feare of worſe can affright vs.
And can I then complaine, when no complaint can auaile me?
How can I ſeeme to be diſcontent, or what can I weepe for?
He liues eternall, with endleſſe Glorie bedecked:
Yea ſtill on earth hee liues, and ſtill ſhall liue by the Muſes.

An other vpon the ſame.

WHat ſtrange aduenture? what now vnlook't for arriuall,
Hath drawne the Muſes from ſweete *Boætia* mountaines,
To chuſe our country, to ſeeke in *London* abiding?
Are faire *Caſtalian* ſtreames dride? ſtands *Cyrrha* no longer?
Or loue the Muſes, like wantons, oft to be changing?
Scarſe can I that ſuppoſe, ſcarſe thinke I thoſe to be Muſes.
No ſound of melody, no voyce but drery lamenting.
Yet well I wot too well, Muſes moſt dolefully weeping.
See where *Melpomene* ſits hidde for a ſhame in a corner.
Heare ye the carefull ſighes, fetcht from the depth of her entrailes?
There weepes *Calliope*, there ſometimes luſty *Thaleia*.
Ay me! alas, now know I the cauſe, now ſeeke I no further,
Heere lies their glory, their hope, their onely reioycing.
Dead lies worthy *Philip*, the care and praiſe of *Apollo*,
Dead lies his carcaſe, but fame ſhall liue to the worldes end.

Others

Others vpon the ſame.

WHom can I firſt accuſe? whoſe fault account I the greateſt?
Where kept the Muſes, what countries haunted *Apollo*?
Where loytred bloody *Mars*? where lingred worthy *Minerua*?
What could three Siſters doe more then nine in a combat?
Was force of no force? was fayre entreatie refuſed?
Where is the Muſicke, that ſometimes mooued *Alecto*?
That gaind *Eurydice*, that left *Proſerpina* weeping;
Chooſe whether of the twoo you liſt, your skill to be nothing,
Or your moſt faithfull ſeruants vnkindly rewarded.
And thou that braggeſt of skilfull ſurgery knowledge,
That canſt of Simples diſcerne the qualitie ſecret,
And giue fitt plaſters, for wounds that ſeeme to be cureleſſe,
Whereto auailes thy skill? that can not *Sidney* recouer,
And couldſt thou whilome preuaile with deſtinie fatall:

For

For King *Admetus* gainſt courſe of naturall order,
And canſt doe nothing to ſaue ſo faithfull a ſeruant?
As for *Mars* well I wot, cold froſt of *Thracia* kingdome,
Hath kild all kindnes, no ruth of him can be lookt for:
And daintie *Pallas* diſdain'd for-ſooth to bee preſent,
Enuie perhaps: nay greefe as I geſſe, was cauſe of her abſence.
Only wee poore wretches, whom gods and Muſes abandon,
Lament thy timeleſſe decay with ſorrowfull outcries,
But yet if hap ſome Muſe, would adde new grace to my verſes,
Germany, France, Italy, Spaine, Denmark, Perſia, Turkey,
India where *Phœbus* climes from the ſea to the skie-ward,
India where *Phœbus* declines from skie to the Sea-ward,
Tartary, Pole, Lettow, Muſcouy, Bohemia, Norway,
All coaſts where riſing or falling *Phœbus* appeereth,
Should heare, and wonder to heare thy glory reſounded:
Armenian Tigres enrag'd for theft of a youngling,

Princely

Princely Lions roaring, for want of prey to be ſtarued,
Fierce Beares, and grunting wild Boares, vpon *Arcady* mountaines,
Should ſtand aſtonisht, forgetting naturall of-ſpring,
Forgetting hunger, forgetting ſlaughter appoynted.
As when *Calliopes* deere ſonne, ſweete harmony ſinging,
Vnto the true conſent of his Harpe-ſtrings tuned in order,
Drew from their places wilde beaſts and trees by the muſicke.
Swift-flowing *Hebrus* ſtai'd all his ſtreames in a wonder,
As if chill coldenes frorne had them downe to the bottome,
But for I wote too well my ſlender skill to be nothing,
Heere will I quite forſweare both Verſe and Muſe in an anger,
Leſt hap my rudeneſſe diſgrace thy glory by praiſing.

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori.

To Time.

ETernall time, that waſteſt without waſte,
That art, and art not, dieſt, and liueſt ſtill:
Moſt ſlowe of al, and yet of greateſt haſte,
Both ill, and good, and neither good, nor ill.
How can I iuſtly praiſe thee, or diſpraiſe?
Darke are thy nights, but bright & cleer thy daies.

Both free and ſcarce, thou giu'ſt and tak'ſt againe,
Thy wombe that all doth breed, is Tombe to all:
Whatſo by thee hath life, by thee is ſlaine,
From thee do all things riſe, by thee they fall.
Conſtant, inconſtant, moouing, ſtanding ſtill,
Was, is, ſhall bee, do thee both breed and kill.

I looſe thee, while I ſeeke to finde thee out,
The farther off, the more I follow thee;
The faſter hold, the greater cauſe of doubt,
Was, is, I know, but ſhall, I cannot ſee.
All things by thee are meaſur'de, thou by none,
All are in thee, thou in thy ſelfe alone.

A Meditation vpon the frailty of this Life.

O Trifling toyes that toſſe the braines,
While loathſome life doth laſt!
O wiſhed wealth, O ſugred ioyes,
O life when death is paſt:
Who loaths exchange of loſſe with gaine?
Yet loath we deathe as hel.
What woefull wight would wiſh his woe?
Yet wiſh we here to dwell.
O fancy fraile that feedes on earth,
And ſtayes on ſlipp'ry ioyes:
O noble minde, O happy man,
That can contemne ſuch toyes.

Such toyes as neither perfect are,
And can not long endure,
Our greateſt skill, our ſweeteſt ioy,
Vncertaine and vnſure:
For life is ſhort and learning long,
All pleaſure mixt with woe;
Sicknes and ſleepe ſteale time vnſeene,
And ioyes doe come and goe.
Thus learning is but learn'd by halfes,
And ioy enioy'd no while,
That ſerues to ſhew thee what thou want'ſt.
This helpes thee to beguile.

But

But after death is perfect skill,
And ioy without decay,
When ſinne is gone that blindes our eyes,
And ſteales our ioyes away:
No crowing cocke ſhall raiſe vs vp,
To ſpend the day in vaine,
No weary labour ſhall vs driue
To goe to bed againe.
But for wee feele not wee want,
Nor know not what we haue,
Wee loue to keepe the bodies life,
We loathe the Soule to ſaue.

A Dialogue betweene the Soule and the Body.

Soule.

Y me, poore Soule, whom bound in ſinful chains
This wretched body keepes againſt my will!
Body Aye mee poore Body, whom for all my paines,
This froward ſoule cauſleſſe condemneth ſtil.
Soule Cauſles? whenas thou ſtriu'ſt to ſin each day?
Cauſles: whenas I ſtriue thee to obay.

Soule Thou art the meanes, by which I fall to ſin,
Body Thou art the cauſe that ſet'ſt this means awork
Soule No part of thee that hath not faultie bin:
Body I ſhew the poyſon that in thee doth lurke.
Soule I ſhall be pure when ſo I part from thee:
So were I now, but that thou ſtaineſt mee.

Sapphicks. Vpon the Passion of Christ.

HAtred eternall, furious reuenging,
Mercileſſe raging, bloody perſecuting,
Slanderous ſpeeches, odious reuilings,
Cauſeleſſe abhorring;
Impious ſcoffings by the very Abiects,
Dangerous threatning by the Prieſts annointed,
Death full of torment in a ſhamefull order,
Chriſt did abide here.

Hee that in glory was aboue the Angels,
Changed his glory for an earthly Carkaſſe,
Yeelded his glory to a ſinfull out-caſt,
Glory refuſing.

Mee that in bondage many ſinnes retained,
Hee for his goodnes, for his only goodnes,
Brought from hell-torments to the ioyes of heauen
Not to bee numbred.

Dead in offences, by his ayde reuiued,
Quickned in ſpirit, by the grace hee yeeldeth,
Sound then his prayſes, to the worlds amaſement,
Thankfully ſinging.

ANOMOS

DIVERSE POEMS OF
SVNDRY AVTHORS

K

A Hymne in prayſe of Muſicke.

PRayſe, Pleaſure, Profit, is that three-fold b
Which tiesmēs minds more faſt thē Gard
Each one ſome drawes, al three none can w
Of force conioyn'd, Conqueſt is hardly got.
Then Muſicke may of harts a Monarke bee,
Wherein Praiſe, Pleaſure, Profit, ſo agree.

Praiſe-worthy Muſicke is, for God it prayſeth,
And pleaſant, for brute beaſts therein delight:
Great profit from it flowes, for why it raiſeth
The minde ouerwhelmed with rude paſſions might.
When againſt reaſon paſſions fond rebell,
Muſicke doth that confirme, and theſe expell.

If Muſicke did not merit endleſſe prayſe,
Would heau'nly Spheres delight in ſiluer round?
If ioyous pleaſure were not in ſweet layes,
Would they in Court and Country ſo abound?
And profitable needs wee muſt that call,
Which pleaſure linkt with praiſe doth bring to al

Heroicke minds with praiſes moſt incited,
Seeke praiſe in Muſicke, and therein excell:
God, man, beaſts, birds, with Muſicke are delighte
And pleaſant t'is, which pleaſeth all ſo well.
No greater profit is then ſelfe content
And this with Muſick bring, and care

When Antique Poets Muſicks praiſes tell,
They ſay it beaſts did pleaſe, and ſtones did moue:
To proue more dul then ſtones, then beaſts more fel,
Thoſe men, which pleaſing Muſick did not Loue.
They fain'd, it Cities built, and States defended,
To ſhew the profit great on it depended.

Sweet birds (poore mens Muſitians) neuer ſlake
To ſing ſweet Muſicks prayſes day and night:
The dying Swans in Muſicke pleaſure take,
To ſhew, that it the dying can delight;
In ſicknes, health, peace, war, wee do it need,
Which proues, ſweet Muſicks profit doth exceed.

But I, by niggard prayſing, do diſprayſe
Prayſe-worthy Muſicke in my worthles Ryme:
Ne can the pleaſing profit of ſweet layes,
Any ſaue learned Muſes well define.
Yet all by theſe rude lines may clearly ſee,
Prayſe, Pleaſure, Profit, in ſweet Muſicke bee.

I. D.

Ten Sonnets, to Philomel.

SONNET I.

Vpon Loues entring by his Eares.

OFt did I heare, our Eyes the passage were,
By which Loue entred to auaile our hearts;
Therefore I guarded them, and voyd of feare
Neglected the defence of other parts.
Loue knowing this, the vsuall way forsooke;
And seeking, found a by-way by mine Eare:
At which hee entring, my Hart pris'ner tooke,
And vnto thee sweet *Philomel* did beare.
Yet let my hart, thy hart to pittie moue,
Whose paine is great, although smal fault appeare
First it lies bound in fettering chaines of Loue,
Then each day it is rackt with hope and feare.
And with loues flames t'is euermore consumed,
Only, because to loue thee it presumed.

Sonnet. II.

O Why did Fame my Hart to Loue betray,
By telling my Deares vertue and perfection?
Why did my Traytor Eares to it conuay,
That Syren-ſong cauſe of my Harts infection,
Had I bene deaſe, or Fame her gifts concealed,
Then had my Hart been free from hopeles Loue:
Or were my ſtate likewiſe by it reuealed,
Well might it *Philomel* to pitty moue.
Thẽ ſhold ſhe kno how loue doth make me lãguiſh,
Diſtracting mee twixt hope and dreadfull feare:
Then ſhold ſhe kno my care, my plants, & anguiſh
All which for her deere ſake I meekely beare.
Yea I could quietly deaths paynes abide,
So that ſhee knew that for her ſake I dide.

Sonnet III.

Of his owne, and his Mistris sickues at one time.

Sickenes entending my Loue to betray,
Before I should sight of my Deare obtaine:
Did his pale collours in my face display,
Lest that my Fauour might her fauour gaine.
Yet not content herewith, like meanes it wrought,
My *Philomels* bright beauty to deface:
And Natures glory to disgrace it sought,
That by conceiued Loue it might displace.
But my firme Loue could this assault well beare,
Which Vertue had not beauty for his ground:
And yet bright beames of beauty did appeare,
Throgh sicknes vail, which made my loue aboūd
If sicke (thought I) her beauty so excell,
How matchlesse would it bee if shee were well?

SONNET IIII.

Another of her Sicknes, and Recouery.

PAle Death himselfe did Loue my *Philomel*,
When hee her Vertues and rare beutie saw:
Therefore hee sickneſſe sent, which should expell
His Riuall life, and my Deere to him draw.
But her bright beauty dazeled so his Eyes,
That his dart life did misse, though her it hitt:
Yet not therewith content, new meanes hee tries,
To bring her vnto Death, and make life flitt.
But Nature soone perceiuing, that hee meant
To spoyle her only Phœnix, her chiefe pride:
Assembled all her force, and did preuent
The greateſt mischiefe that could her betide.
So both our liues and loues Nature defended,
For had shee dide, my loue and life had ended.

SONNET V.

Allusion to Theseus voyage to Crete, against the Minotaure.

MY Loue is saild, against dislike to fight,
Which, like vild monster, threatens his decay.
The ship is Hope, which by Desires great migh
Is swiftly borne towards the wished Bay:
The company which with my Loue doth fare,
(Though met in one) is a dissenting crew;
They are Ioy, Greefe, and neuer sleeping Care
And doubt, which ne'r beleeues good news for tr
Black feare the Flag is, which my ship doth beare,
Which (Deere) take downe, if my Loue victor b
And let white Comfort in his place appeare,
When Loue victoriously returnes to mee,
Least I from rocke Despayre come tumbling dowr
And in a Sea of Teares bee forc't to drowne.

SONNET. VI.

Vpon her looking ſecretly out of a window as hee paſſed by.

ONce did my *Philomel* reflect on mee
Her Chriſtall pointed Eyes as I paſſt by,
Thinking not to be ſeene, yet would mee ſee;
But ſoone my hungry Eyes their foode did ſpie.
Alas, my Deere, couldſt thou ſuppoſe, that face
Which needs not enuy *Phœbus* cheefeſt pride,
Could ſecret bee, although in ſecret place,
And that tranſparãt glas ſuch beams could hide?
But if I had beene blinde, yet Loues hot flame
Kindled in my poore heart by thy bright Eye,
Did plainely ſhew when it ſo neere thee came,
By more the vſuall heate, then cauſe was nie:
So though thou hidden wert, my hart and eye
Did turne to thee by mutuall *Sympathy*.

SONNET. VII.

WHen time nor place would let me often view
Natures chiefe Mirror, and my sole delight;
Her liuely Picture in my hart I drew,
That I might it behold both day and night,
But shee, like *Phillips* Son, scorning that I
Should portray her wanting *Apelles* Art,
Commaunded Loue (who nought dare hir deny
To burne the Picture which was in my Hart.
The more Loue burn'd the more her picture shin'd
The more it shin'de, the more my hart did burnd
So what to hurt her picture was assign'd,
To my Harts ruine and decay did turne.
Loue could not burne the Saint, it was diuine,
And therefore fir'd my hart, the Saints poore shrine

Sonnet. VIII.

WHenas the Sun eclipſed is, ſome ſay,
It thunder, lightning, raine, & wind portendet
And not vnlike but ſuch things happen may,
Sith like effects my Sun eclipſed ſendeth.
Witnes my throat made hoars with thundring crie
And hart with loues hot flaſhing lightnings fire
Witnes the ſhowers which ſtil fal from mine eie
And breſt with ſighs like ſtormy winds neare riue
Shine then once againe, ſweete Sun on mee,
And with thy beames diſſolue clouds of diſpair
Whereof theſe raging Meteors framed bee,
In my poore hart by abſence of my faire,
So ſhalt thou proue thy Beames, thy heate, thy ligh
To match the Sun in glory, grace, and might.

So

SONNET. IX.

Vpon sending her a Gold Ring, with this Posie Pure, and Endlesse.

IF you would know the Loue which you I beare,
Compare it with the Ring, which your faire hand
Shal make more pretious, when you shal it weare;
So my Loues Nature you shall vnderstand
Is it of mettall pure? so you shall proue
My Loue, which ne're disloyal thought did stain,
Hath it no end? so endles is my Loue,
Vnlesse you it destroy with your disdaine.
Doth it the purer waxe the more tis tride?
So doth my Loue: yet herein they dissent,
That whereas Gold the more tis purifi'd,
By waxing lesse, doth shew some part is spent,
My Loue doth wax more pure by you more trying,
And yet encreaseth in the purifying.

Sonnet X.

MY Cruell Deere hauing captiu'de my hart,
And bound it faſt in Chaynes of reſtles Lou
Requires it out of bondage to depart,
Yet is ſhee ſure from her it cannot moue.
Draw back (ſayd ſhee) your hopeleſſe loue from m
Your worth requireth a more worthy place:
Vnto your ſute though I cannot agree,
Full many will it louingly embrace.
It may bee ſo (my Deere) but as the Sun
When it appeares doth make the ſtars to vaniſh:
So when your ſelfe into my thoughts do run,
All others quite out of my Hart you banniſh.
The beames of your Perfections ſhine ſo bright,
That ſtraightway they diſpell all others light.

Melophilus

A Hymne in praise of Neptune.

OF Neptunes Empyre let vs sing,
At whose command the waues obay:
To whom the Riuers tribute pay,
Downe the high mountaines sliding.
To whom the skaly Nation yeelds
Homage for the Cristall fields
Wherein they dwell;
And euery Sea-god paies a Iem,
Yeerely out of his watry Cell,
To decke great *Neptunes* Diadem.

The *Trytons* dauncing in a ring,
Before his Pallace gates, doo make
The water with the Ecchoes quake,
Like the great Thunder sounding:
The Sea-Nymphes chaunt their Accents shrill,
And the *Syrens* taught to kill
With their sweet voyce;
Make eu'ry ecchoing Rocke reply,
Vnto their gentle murmuring noyse,
The prayse of *Neptunes* Empery.

Th. Campion.

This Hymne was sung by Amphitryte Thametis, and other Sea-Nimphes in Grayes-Inne Maske, at the Court. 1564.

Of his Miſtreſſes Face.

ANd would you ſee my Miſtres face?
It is a flowry garden-place:
Where knots of beauty haue ſuch grace,
That al is worke, and no where ſpace.

It is a ſweet delicious Morne,
Where day is breeding, neuer borne:
It is a Meadow yet vnſhorne,
Which thouſand flowers do adorne.

It is the Heauens bright reflexe,
Weake eyes to dazle and to vexe:
It is th'Idæa of her ſex,
Enuie of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of death that ſmiles,
Pleaſing, though it kill the whiles:
Where death and loue in pretty wiles,
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fayre Beauties freſheſt youth,
It is the fain'd *Elyziums* truth:
The ſpring that wintred Harts renu'th,
And this is that my Soule purſu'th.

Th. Campion.

Vpon his Paleneſſe.

BLame not my Cheeks, though pale with loue thee (bee
The kindly heate into my hart is flowne:
To cheeriſh it that is diſmaid by thee,
Who art ſo cruell and vnſtedfaſt growne.
For Nature cald for by diſtreſſed hartes,
Neglects, and quite forſakes the outward partes.

But they whoſe cheeks with careles blood are ſtaind
Nurſe not one ſparke of Loue with their harts:
And when they woo, they ſpeake with paſſion faind
For their fat loue lies in their outward partes.
But in their breſts wher loue his court ſhuld hold
Poore *Cupid* ſits, and blowes his nayles for cold.

Th. Campion.

Of Corinnaes singing.

WHen to her Lute *Corinna* sings,
Her voyce reuiues the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appeere,
As any challeng'd Eccho cleere.
But when shee doth of mourning speake,
Eu'n with her sighes the strings do breake.

And as her Lute doth liue or die,
Led by her passions, so must I:
For when of pleasure shee doth sing,
My thoughts enioy a sodaine spring:
But if she doe of sorrow speake,
Eu'n from my heart the strings doe breake.

Th: Campion.

A Dialogue betwixt the Louer and his Lady.

LAdy, my flame still burning,
And my consuming anguish,
Doth grow so great, that life I feele to languish,
Then let your Heart be moued,
To end my griefe and yours, so long time proued.
And quench the heate that my chiefe part so fireth,
Yeelding the fruit that faithfull loue requireth.

Her Answere.

SWeete Lord, your flame still burning,
And your consuming anguish,
Cannot be more than mine, in which I languish,
No more your Heart is moued,
To end my griefe and yours so long time proued.
But if I yeelde, and so your loue decreaseth,
Then I my Louer loose, and your loue ceaseth.

Ignoto.

K.10

An Elegie.

O Faithles World, and thy moſt faithles part,
A Womans Harte:
The true Shop of varietie, where ſittes,
Nothing but fittes,
And feauers of Deſire, and pangs of Loue,
Which toyes remoue.
Why was ſhee borne to pleaſe, or I to truſt
Words writ in duſt?
Suffring her eyes to gouerne my Deſpaire,
My paine for Aire,
And fruit of time rewarded with vntruth,
The food of youth.
Vntrue ſhee was, ytt I beliewe'd her eyes,
Inſtructed ſpies,
Till I was taught; that Loue was but a Schoole
To breed a foole.
Or ſought ſhe more then Triumphs of deniall,
To ſee a tryall.
How farre her Smiles commanded my weakenes?
Yeeld and confeſſe:
Excuſe not now thy folly, nor her Nature;
Bluſh and endure
Aſwell thy ſhame, as paſſions that were vaine,
And thinke thy gaine,
To know that Loue, lodg'd in a Womans Breſt
Is but a Gheſt.

H. W.

Con-

COnceipt begotten by the eyes,
Is quickly borne, and quickly dies:
For while it ſeekes our harts to haue,
Meane while there Reaſon makes his graue:
For many things the eyes approue,
Which yet the hart doth ſeldome loue.

For as the ſeedes in ſpring time ſowne,
Die in the ground ere they be growne,
Such is conceipt, whoſe rooting failes,
As childe that in the cradle quailes,
Or elſe within the Mothers wombe,
Hath his beginning, and his tombe.

Affection followes Fortunes wheeles;
And ſoone is ſhaken from her heeles;
For following beautie or eſtate,
Her liking ſtill is turn'd to hate.
For all affections haue their change,
And fancie onely loues to range.

Deſire himſelfe runnes out of breath,
And getting, doth but gaine his death:
Deſire, nor reaſon hath, nor reſt.
And blinde doth ſildome chuſe the beſt,
Deſire attain'd is not deſire,
But as the ſinders of the fire.

As ſhippes in ports deſir'd are drownd,
As fruit once ripe, then falles to ground,
As flies that ſeeke for flames, are brought
To cinders by the flames they ſought:
So fond Deſire when it attaines,
The life expires, the woe remaines.

And yet ſome Poets faine would proue,
Affection to be perfit loue,
And that Deſire is of that kinde,
No leſſe a paſſion of the minde.
As if wilde beaſts and men did ſeeke,
To like, to loue, to chuſe alike.

W. R.

MADRIGAL.

FAuſtina hath the fairer face,
And *Phillida* the fairer grace,
Both haue mine eie enritched.
This ſings full ſweetely with her voyce,
Her fingers make as ſweete a noyſe,
Both haue mine eare bewitched.
Ay me! ſith Fates haue ſo prouided,
My heart (alas) muſt be diuided.

To his Ladies Garden, being absent far from her.

GArden more then *Eden* blessed
Art thou, thus to haue thy bowers,
ree'd from Winter, and still dressed
Vith her faces Heau'n-set flowers.

appy too are these thy Allies,
Vhere her faire feete deigne to tred,
Vhich departing Earths low Vallies,
hall the Milky way be led.

hy Trees whose Armes hee embraced,
nd whose fruit her lids did kis,
n whose vertuous minde well placed
he rare Tree of knowledge is.

appy are: So thy Birds bee,
Vhom shee learnes to sing by Art,
Vho in heauenly harmonie
Vith the Angels beares a part.

ppy, blest, and fortunate,
wers, Allies Trees, and Burds,
t my most vnhappy state,
r surmounts all reach of words.

T. Sp.

K 12

Vpon

Vpon his Ladies Sickneſſe of the Small Pockes.

CRuel and vnpartiall Sickneſſe,
Sword of that Arch-Monarke Death,
That ſubdues all ſtrength by weakeneſſe,
Whom all Kings pay tribute breath.

Are not theſe thy ſteps I tracke,
In the pure ſnow of her face,
When thou didſt attempt to ſacke
Her liues fortreſſe and it raſe?

Th'Heauenly Honny thou didſt ſucke,
From her Roſe Cheekes might ſuffize;
Why then didſt thou mar and plucke
Thoſe deere flowers of rareſt prize?

Mean'ſt thou thy Lord to preſent
With thoſe ritch ſpoyles and adorne,
Leauing mee them to lament,
And in Inkes blacke teares thus mourne?

No: Ile in my Boſome weare them,
And cloſe locke them in my hart:
Thence, nor time, nor death, ſhall beare them
Till I from my ſelfe do part.

A Reporting Sonnet.

Her Face, her Tongue, her Witt, ſo fayre, ſo ſweet, ſo ſharpe,
First bent, then drew, now hitt, mine Eye, mine Eare, my Hart:
Mine Eye, mine Eare, my Hart, to like, to learne, to loue,
Her face, her tongue, her witt, doth leade, doth teach, doth moue.
Her face, her tongue, her witt, with beames, with ſound, with Art,
Doth blinde, doth charme, doth rule, mine Eye, mine Eare, my Hart:
Mine Eye, mine eare, my hart, with life, with hope, with skill,
Her face, her tongue, her witt, doth feede, doth feaſt, doth fill.
O face, O tongue, O witt, with frownes, with checks, with ſmart,
Wring not, vexe not, wound not, mine Eye, mine eare, my hart,
This Eye, this eare, this Hart, ſhall ioy, ſhall binde, ſhall ſweare,
Your face, your tongue, your witt, to ſerue, to loue, to feare.

Sonnet.

ONly (ſweet loue) afforde mee but thy hart,
Then cloſe thine eies within their iuory couer
That they to mee no beame of light impart,
Although they ſhine on all thy other louers.
As for thy lip of ruby, cheeks of roſe,
Though I haue kiſt them oft with ſweet Conten
I am content that ſweet content to loſe,
If thy ſweet will will bar me, I aſſent.
Let me not touch thy hand, but through thy gloue,
Nor let it bee the pledge of kindnes more;
Keepe all thy beauties to thy ſelfe, ſweet loue,
I aſke not ſuch bold fauours as before.
I beg but this, afforde mee but thy hart,
For then I know thou wilt the reſt impart.

Ode.

ABſence, heare thou my Proteſtation,
Againſt thy ſtrength,
Diſtance, and length;
Do what thou canſt for alteration.
For hearts of trueſt mettle,
Abſence doth ioyne, and Time doth ſettle.

Who loues a Miſtris of ſuch qualitie,
Hee ſoone hath found
Affections ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To harts that cannot vary,
Abſence is preſent, Time doth tarry.

My Sences want their outward motions,
Which now within
Reaſon doth win,
Redoubled in her ſecret notions:
Like rich men that take pleaſure,
In hiding, more then handling Treaſure.

By Abſence, this good meanes I gaine,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In ſome cloſe corner of my braine,
There I embrace and kiſſe her,
And ſo I both enioy and miſſe her.

LOue is the linke, the knot, the bande of vnitie,
And al that loue, do loue with their belou'd to be:
Loue only did decree,
To change his kind in mee.
For though I lou'd with all the powers of my mind,
And though my reſtles thoughts, their reſt in her did find:
Yet are my hopes declinde,
Sith ſhee is moſt vnkinde.
For ſince her beuties ſun my fruitles hope did breede
By abſence from that ſun, I hop't to ſterue that weed
Though abſence did indeede
My hopes not ſterue, but feede.
For when I ſhift my place, like to the ſtricken deere,
I cannot ſhift the ſhaft, which in my ſide I beare:
Ay mee it reſteth there
The cauſe is not elſewhere.
So haue I ſeene the ſick to turne & turne againe,
As if that outward chãge, could eaſe his inward pain
But ſtill alas in vaine,
The fitt doth ſtil remaine.
Yet goodnes is the ſpring from whence this ill doth grow,
For goodnes cauſde the loue, which great reſpect did owe:
Reſpect true loue did ſhow,
True loue thus wrought my woe.

Ignoto.

SONNET.

BEst pleas'd shee is, when Loue is most expreſt,
And somtime saies that loue shold be requited
Yet is she grieu'd my loue should now be righted
When that my faith hath prou'd what I protest.
Am I belou'd whose hart is thus oppreſt?
Or deere to her, and not in her delighted:
I liue to see the Sun, yet still benighted,
By her despayre is blam'de, and hope suppreſt.
Shee still denies, yet still her hart consenteth,
Shee grants mee all, but that which I desire;
Shee fuell sends, but bids mee leaue the fire,
Shee lets me die, and yet my death lamenteth.
O foolish Loue, by reason of thy blindnes,
I die for want of Loue, yet kild with kindnes.

SONNET.

VHen a weake Child is ſicke, and out of quiet,
And for his tendernes can not ſuſtaine
Phiſicke of equall ſtrength vnto his payne,
Phiſitions to the Nurſe preſcribe a Diet.
h I am ſicke, and in my ſickneſſe weake,
And through my weakenes dead; if I but take
The pleaſanteſt receipt that Art can make,
Or if I heare but my Phiſition ſpeake.
t ah (fayre God of Phiſick) it may bee,
But Phiſick to my Nurſe would mee recouer;
Shee whom I loue with beautie nurſeth mee,
But with a bitter mixture kils her Louer.
t I aſſure my ſelfe, I ſhould not die,
hee were purged of her crueltie.

Son-

SONNET.

WEre I as baſe as is the lowly playne,
And you (my Loue,) as high as heau'n aboue,
Yet ſhould the thoughts of me your humble ſwaine,
Aſcend to Heauen, in honour of my Loue.
Were I as hight as Heau'n aboue the playne,
And you (my Loue) as humble and as low
As are the deepeſt bottoms of the Mayne,
Wherſo'ere you were, with you my Loue ſhould go.
Were you the Earth (deere Loue) and I the skies,
My loue ſhould ſhine on you like to the Sun,
And looke vpon you with ten thouſand Eyes,
Till heau'n wax't blind, and til the world were dun.
Whereſo'ere I am, below, or els aboue you,
Whereſo'ere you are, my hart ſhal truly loue you.

I. S.

A Madrigal.

MY Loue in her Attyre doth ſhew her witt,
It doth ſo well become her:
For eu'ry ſeaſon ſhe hath dreſſings fitt,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No Beautie ſhee doth miſſe,
When all her Robes are on:
But Beauties ſelfe ſhee is,
When all her Robes are gone.

A Madrigal.

WHen I to you complayne,
Of all the woe and payne,
Which you make mee endure without releaſe:
You anſwere nought againe,
But, Beare and hold your peace.
Deer I will beare, and hold my peace, if you,
Will hold your peace, and beare what I ſhall doo.

Son-

SONNET.

THe Poets fayne that when the world beganne,
Both sexes in one body did remaine;
Till *Ioue* (offended with this double man)
Causd *Vulcan* to diuide him into twaine.
In this deuision, he the hart did seuer,
But cunningly he did indent the hart,
That if there were a reuniting euer,
Ech part might know which was his counterpar
See then (deere loue) th'Indenture of my hart,
And reade the Cou'nants writ with holy fire:
See (if your hart be not the counterpart,
Of my true harts indented chast desire.)
And, if it bee, so may it euer bee,
Twoo harts in one, twixt you my Loue and mee.

I. S.

An Inuective against Women.

ARe women faire? I wondrous faire to ſee to,
Are women ſweete? Yea paſſing ſweet they be to;
Moſt faire and ſweete to them that inlie loue them,
Chaſte & diſcreet to all, ſaue thoſe that proue them.

Are women wiſe? Not wiſe, but they be witty,
Are women witty? Yea, the more the pitty:
They are ſo witty, and in witte ſo wily,
That, be you ne're ſo wiſe, they will beguile yee.

Are women fooles? Not fooles, but fondlings many,
Can women fond be faithfull vnto any?
When ſnow-white ſwans do turne to colour ſable,
Then women fond will be both firme and ſtable.

Are women Saints? No Saints, nor yet no Deuills,
Are women good? Not good, but needefull euills.
No Angel-like, that Deuills I do not doubt them;
No needefull ills, that few can liue without them.

Are women prowd? I paſſing prowd, & praiſe them,
Are women kind? I wondrous kind, and pleaſe them:
Or ſo imperious, no man can indure them;
Or ſo kinde-hearted, any may procure them.

Ignoto.

An Elegie in Trimeter Iambickes.

Vnhappy Verse! the witnes of my vnhappy state,
Make thy self fluttring wings of thy fast flying thought
And fly forth vnto my Loue, where soeuer she be.

Whether lying restlesse in heauy bed, or else
Sitting so cheerelesse at the cheerefull boord, or else
Playing alone careless on hir heau'nly Virginalls.

If in Bed, tel her that mine eies can take no rest:
If at Board, tel her that my mouth can taste no food:
If at her Virginalls, tell her I can heare no mirth.

Asked why, say waking Loue suffreth no sleepe:
Say that raging Loue doth appall the weake stomak:
Say that lamenting Loue marreth the musicall.

Tel hir, that hir pleasures were wont to lul me asleep
Tel hir, that hir beautie was wont to feed mine eies:
Tel hir, that her sweet tongue was wont to make me (mirth
Now do I nightly waste, wanting my kindely rest:
Now do I daily starue, wanting my liuely foode:
Now do I alwayes die, wanting my timely mirth.

And if I waste, who will bewaile my heauy chance?
And if I starue, who will record my cursed end?
And if I die, who will say, this was *Immerito*?

Edmund Spencer.

SONNET

MIne eie with all the deadly ſinnes is fraught,
1. Firſt *prowd*, ſith it preſum'd to looke ſo hie:
a watchman being made, ſtoode gazing by,
2. and *idle*, tooke no heede till I was caught:
And *enuious*, beares enuy that by thought
ſhould in his abſence be to her ſo nie:
to kill my heart, mine eye let in her eie,
4. and ſo conſent gaue to a *murther* wrought:
5. And *couetous*, it neuer would remoue
from her faire haire, gold ſo doth pleaſe his ſight
6. *vnchaſte*, a bawde betweene my heart and loue
7. a *glutton* eye, with teares drunke euery night.
Theſe ſinnes procured haue a Goddeſſe ire:
Wherefore my heart is damnd in Loues ſweete fire
H. C.

SON

SONNET.

To two most Honorable and Virtuous Ladies, sisters.

YEe Siſter-Muſes, doe not yee repine,
That I *two* Siſters doe with *nine* compare,
Since each of theſe is farre more truely rare,
Then the whole Troope of all the heau'nly nine.
But if yee aske me which is more diuine,
I anſwer, Like to their twinne-eies they are,
Of which, ech is more bright than brighteſt ſtarr
Yet neither doth more bright than other ſhine.
Siſters of ſpotleſſe fame, of whom alone
Malitious tongues take pleaſure to ſpeake well,
How ſhould I you commend, ſith eyther one
All things in heau'n and earth ſo farre excell?
The onely praiſe I can you giue, is this,
That One of you like to the Other is.

H. C.

Ode.

Of Cynthia.

TH' Ancient Readers of Heauens Booke,
Which with curious eye did looke
Into Natures ſtory;
All things vnder *Cynthia* tooke
To bee tranſitory.

This the learned only knew,
But now all men finde it true,
Cynthia is deſcended;
With bright beames, and heauenly hew,
And leſſer ſtarres attended.

Landes and Seas ſhee rules below,
Where things change, and ebbe, and flowe,
Spring, waxe olde, and periſh;
Only Time which all doth mowe,
Her alone doth cheriſh.

Times yong howres attend her ſtill,
And her Eyes and Cheekes do fill,
With freſh youth and beautie:
All her louers olde do grow,
But their hartes, they do not ſo
In their Loue and duty.

This Song was ſung before her ſacred Maieſtie at ſhew on horſebacke, wherwith the right Honorab the Earle of Cumberland preſented her Highne on Maie day laſt.

Finis.